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THE MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC ∴ ∴ *Drawings by* HARRISON FISHER

CHAPTER I

THE battle was over, and the victor remained on the field,—sitting alone with the hurly-burly of his thoughts.

His triumph was so sweeping and comprehensive as to be somewhat shapeless to the view. He had a sense of fascinated pain when he tried to define to himself what its limits would probably be. Vistas of unchecked, expanding conquest stretched away in every direction. He held at his mercy everything within sight.

Indeed, it rested entirely with him to say whether there should be any such thing as mercy at all,—and until he chose to utter the restraining word, the rout of the vanquished would go on with multiplying terrors and ruin. He could crush and torture and despoil his enemies until he was tired. The responsibility of having to decide when he would stop grinding their faces might come to weigh upon him later on, but he would not give it room in his mind to-night.

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A picture of these faces of his victims shaped itself out of the flames in the grate. They were moulded in a family likeness, these phantom visages; they were all Jewish, all malignant, all distorted with fright. They implored him with eyes in which panic asserted itself above rage and cunning. Only here and there did he recall a name with which to label one of these countenances: very few of them raised a memory of individual rancor. The faces were those of men he had seen, no doubt, but their persecution of him had been entirely impersonal; his great revenge was equally so.

As he looked, in truth, there was only one face,—a composite mask of what he had done battle with and overthrown, and would trample implacably under foot. He stared with a conqueror's cold frown at it, and gave an abrupt laugh which started harsh echoes in the stillness of the Board room. Then he shook off the reverie, and got to his feet. He shivered a little at the sudden touch of a chill.

A bottle, surrounded by glasses, stood on the table where the two least considered of his lieutenants, the dummy Directors, had left it. He poured a small quantity of the liquor and sipped it. During the whole eventful day it had not occurred to him before to drink; the taste of the neat liquor seemed on the instant to calm and refresh his brain.

With more deliberation, he took a cigar from the broad, floridly decorated open box beside the bottle, lit it, and blew a long draught of smoke thoughtfully through his nostrils. Then he put his hands in his pockets, looked again into the fire, and sighed a wondering smile.

This man of forty found himself fluttering with a novel exhilaration, which yet was not novel. Upon reflection, he perceived that he felt as if he were a boy again,—a boy excited by pleasure. It surprised as much as it delighted him to experience this frank and direct joy of a child. He caught the inkling of an idea that perhaps his years were an illusion. He had latterly been thinking of himself as middle-aged; the gray hairs thickening at his temples had vaguely depressed him. Now all at once he saw that he was not old at all. The buoyance of veritable youth bubbled in his veins.

He began walking up and down the room, regarding new halcyon visions with a sparkling eye. He was no longer conscious of the hated foe beneath his feet; they trod, instead, elastic upon the clouds.

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The sound of some one moving about in the hallway outside, and of trying a door near by, suddenly caught his attention. He stood still and listened with alertness for a surprised instant, then shrugged his shoulders, and began moving again. It must be nearly seven o'clock; although the allotment work had kept the clerks later than usual that day, everybody connected with the offices had certainly gone home.

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He realized that his nerves had played him a trick in giving that alarmed momentary start,—and smiled almost tenderly as he remembered how notable, and even glorious, a warrant those nerves had for their unsettled state. They would be all right after a night's real rest. He would know how to sleep now.

But yes,—there was somebody outside,—and this time knocking with assurance at the right door, the entrance to the outer office. After a second's consideration he went into this unlighted, outer office, and called out through the opaque

A PICTURE OF THESE FACES OF HIS VICTIMS SHAPED ITSELF OUT OF THE FLAMES IN THE GRATE

glass an inquiry. The sound of his voice, as it analyzed itself in his own ears, seemed unduly peremptory. The answer which came back brought a flash of wonderment to his eyes. He unlocked and opened the door.

"I saw the lights in what I made out to be the Board room," said the newcomer, as he entered. "I assumed it must be you. Hope I don't interrupt anything."

"Nothing could have given me greater pleasure, Lord Plowden," replied the other, leading the way back to the inner apartment. "In fact, I couldn't have asked anything better."

The tone of his voice had a certain anxious note in it not quite in harmony with this declaration. He turned, under the droplight overhanging the Board table, and shook hands with his guest, as if to atone for this doubtful accent.

"I shake hands with you again," he said, speaking rapidly, "because this afternoon it was what you may call formal; it really didn't count. And you're the man I owe it all to."

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"Oh, you mustn't go as far as that,—even in the absence of witnesses," replied Lord Plowden lightly. "I'll take off my coat for a few minutes," he went on, very much at his ease. "It's hot in here. It's by the merest chance I happened to be detained in the city, and I saw your lights, and this afternoon we had no opportunity whatever for a quiet talk. No, I won't drink anything before dinner, but I'll light a cigar. I want to say to you, Thorpe," he concluded, as he seated himself, "that I think what you've done is very wonderful. The Marquis thinks so, too,—but I shouldn't like to swear that he understands much about it."

The implication that the speaker did understand remained in the air like a tangible object. Thorpe took a chair, and the two men exchanged a silent, intent look, their faces, dusky red on the side of the glow from the fire, pallid where the electric-light fell slantwise upon them from above, had for the moment a mysterious something in common. Then the tension of the glance was relaxed,—and, on the instant, no two men in London looked less alike.

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Lord Plowden was familiarly spoken of as a handsome man. Thorpe had even heard him called the handsomest man in England,—though this seemed in all likelihood an exaggeration. But handsome he undoubtedly was,—tall, without suggesting the thought of height to the observer; erect, yet graceful; powerfully built, while preserving the effect of slenderness. His face in repose had the outline of the more youthful guardsman type,—regular, finely cut, impassive to hardness. When he talked, or followed with interest the talk of others, it revealed almost an excess of animation. Then one noted the flashing subtlety of his glance, the swift facility of his smile and comprehending brows, and saw that it was not the guardsman face at all. His skin was fresh-hued, and there was a shade of warm brown in his small, well-ordered mustache, but his hair, wavy, and worn longer than the fashion, seemed black. There were perceptible veins of gray in it, though he had only entered his thirty-fifth year. He was dressed habitually with the utmost possible care.

The contrast between this personage and the older man confronting him was abrupt. Thorpe was also tall, but of a burly and slouching figure. His face, shrouded in a high-growing, dust-colored beard, invited no attention. One seemed always to have known this face,—thick-featured, immobile, undistinguished. Its accessories for the time being were even more than ordinarily unimpressive. Both hair and beard were ragged with neglect. His commonplace, dark clothes looked as if he had slept in them. The hands resting on his big knees were coarse in shape, roughened and ill-kept.

"I couldn't have asked anything better than your dropping in," he repeated now, speaking with a drag, as of caution, on his words. "Witnesses or no witnesses, I'm anxious to have you understand that I realize what I owe to you."

"I only wish it were a great deal more than it is," replied the other, with a frank smile.

"Oh, it'll mount up to considerable, as it stands," said Thorpe.

He could hear that there was a kind of reservation in his voice; the suspicion that his companion detected it embarrassed him. He found himself in the position of fencing with a man to whom all his feelings impelled him to be perfectly open. He paused, and was awkwardly conscious of a certain constraint in the silence which ensued.

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"You are very kind to put it in that way," said Lord Plowden, at last. He seemed also to be finding words for his thoughts with a certain difficulty. He turned his cigar round in his white fingers meditatively. "I gather that your success has been complete,—as complete as you yourself could have desired. I congratulate you with all my heart."

"No,—don't say my success,—say our success," put in Thorpe.

"But, my dear man," the other corrected him, "my interest, compared with yours, is hardly more than nominal. I'm a Director, of course, and I'm not displeased that my few shares should be worth something instead of nothing, but——"

Thorpe lifted one of his heavy hands. "That isn't my view of the thing at all. To be frank, I was turning over in my mind, just a while ago, before you came in, some way of arranging all that on a different footing. If you'll trust it to me, I think you'll find it's all right."

Something in the form of this remark seemed to restore to Lord Plowden his accustomed fluency of speech.

"I came here to say precisely that thing," he began,—"that I do trust it to you. We have never had any very definite talk on the subject,—and pray don't think that I want to go into details now. I'd much rather not, in fact. But what I do want to say to you is this: I believe in you. I feel sure that you are going to go far, as the saying is. Well, I want to tie myself to your star. Do you see what I mean? You are going to be a power in finance. You are going to be able to make and unmake men as you choose. I should be very much obliged, indeed, if you would make me."

Thorpe regarded the handsome and titled man of fashion with what seemed to the other a lethargic gaze. In truth, his mind was toiling with strenuous activity to master, in all its bearings, the significance of what had been said. This habit of the abstracted and lack-lustre eye, the while he was hard at work thinking, was a fortuitous asset which he had never up to that time learned that he possessed. Unknowingly he dampened the spirits of his friend.

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"Don't imagine I'm trying to force myself upon you," Lord Plowden said, growing cool in the face of this slow stare. "I'm asking nothing at all. I had the impulse to come and say to you that you are a great man, and that you've done a great thing,—and done it, moreover, in a very great way."

"You know how it was done!" The wondering exclamation forced itself from Thorpe's unready lips. He bent forward a little, and took a new visual hold, as it were, of his companion's countenance.

Lord Plowden smiled.

"THEY'VE ALL GOT NAMES LIKE RHINE WINES"

"Did you think I was such a hopeless duffer, then?" he rejoined.

For answer, Thorpe leaned back in his chair, crossed his legs, and patted his knee contentedly. Suddenly his face lightened; a genial speculation returned to his gray eyes.

"Well, I was in a curious position about you, you see," he began to explain. The relief with which he spoke was palpable. "I could not, for the life of me, make up my mind whether to tell you about it or not. Let's see,—this is Thursday; did I see you Tuesday? At any rate, the scheme didn't dawn on me myself until toward evening Tuesday. But yesterday, of course, I could have told you,—and again this afternoon,—but, as I say, I couldn't make up my mind. Once I had it on the tip of my tongue,—but somehow I didn't. And you,—you never gave me a hint that you saw what was going on."

Again Lord Plowden smiled. "I voted with you," he put in softly.

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Thorpe laughed, and relit his cigar. "Well, I couldn't have asked anything better than this," he declared again. "It beats all the rest put together, to my mind."

"Perhaps I don't quite follow your meaning," commented the other tentatively.

"Why, man," Thorpe explained, hesitating a little in his choice of words, but speaking with evident fervor, "I was more anxious about you,—and the way you'd take it,—than about anything else. I give you my word I was. I couldn't tell at all how you'd feel about the thing. You might think that it was all right, and then again you might round on me,—or no, I don't mean quite that,—but you might say it wasn't good enough for you, and wash your hands of the whole affair. And I can't tell you what a relief it is to find that you,—that you are satisfied. Now I can go ahead."

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"Ah, yes,—ahead," said the younger man thoughtfully. "Do you mind telling me,—you see I'm quite in the dark as to details,—how much further ahead we are likely to go? I comprehend the general nature of our advance,—but how far off is the goal you have in sight?"

"I don't give it any limit," answered Thorpe, with a rising thrill of excitement in his voice. "I don't see why we should stop at all. We've got them in such a position that,—why, good heavens! we can squeeze them to death, crush them like quartz." He chuckled grimly at the suggestion of his simile. "We'll get more ounces to the ton out of our crushings than they ever heard of on the Rand, too."

"Might I ask," interposed the other, "who may 'they' be?"

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Thorpe hesitated, and knitted his brows in the effort to remember names. "Oh, there are a lot of them," he said vaguely. "I think I told you of the way that Kaffir crowd pretended to think well of me, and let me believe they were going to take me up, and then, because I wouldn't give them everything,—the very shirt off my back,—turned and put their knife into me. I don't know them apart, hardly,—they've all got names like Rhine wines,—but I know the gang as a whole, and if I don't lift the roof clean off their particular synagogue, then my name is mud."

Lord Plowden smiled. "I've always the greatest difficulty to remember that you are an Englishman,—a Londoner born," he declared pleasantly. "You don't talk in the least like one. On shipboard I made sure you were an American,—a very characteristic one, I thought,—of some curious Western variety, you know. I never was more surprised in my life than when you told me, the other day, that you only left England a few years ago."

"Oh, hardly a 'few years'; more like fifteen," Thorpe corrected him. He studied his companion's face with slow deliberation. "I'm going to say something that you mustn't take amiss," he remarked, after a little pause. "If you'd known that I was an Englishman, when we first met, there on the steamer, I kind o' suspect that you and I'd never have got much beyond a nodding acquaintance,—and even that mostly on my side. I don't mean that I intended to conceal anything,—that is, not specially,—but I've often thought since that it was a mighty good thing I did. Now, isn't that true,—that if you had taken me for one of your own countrymen you'd have given me the cold shoulder?"

"I dare say there's a good deal in what you say," the other admitted, gently enough, but without contrition. "Things naturally shape themselves that way, rather, you know. If they didn't, why, then the whole position would become difficult. But you are an American, to all intents and purposes."

"Oh, no,—I never took any step toward getting naturalized," Thorpe protested. "I always intended to come back here. Or no, I won't say that,—because most of the time I was dog-poor,—and this isn't the place for a poor man. But I always said to myself that if ever I pulled it off with money,—if I ever found myself a rich man,—then I'd come piking across the Atlantic as fast as triple-expansion engines could carry me."

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The younger man smiled again, with a whimsical gleam in his eye. "And you are a rich man now," he observed, after a momentary pause.

"We are both rich men," replied Thorpe gravely.

He held up a dissuading hand, as the other would have spoken. "This is how it seems to me the thing figures itself out: it can't be said that your name on the Board, or the Marquis' either, was of much use so far as the public were concerned. To tell the truth, I saw some time ago that they wouldn't be. Titles on prospectuses are played out in London. I've rather a notion, indeed, that they're apt to do more harm than good,—just at present, at least. But all that aside,—you are the man who was civil to me at the start, when you knew nothing whatever about my scheme, and you are the man who was good to me later on, when I didn't know where to turn for a friendly word. Very well; here I am! I've made my coup! And I'd be a sweep, wouldn't I, to forget to-day what I was so glad to remember a week ago? But you see, I don't forget! The capital of the company is £500,000, all in pound shares. We offered the public only a fifth of them. The other 400,000 shares are mine as vendor,—and I have earmarked in my mind 100,000 of them to be yours."

Lord Plowden's face paled at the significance of these words. "It is too much,—you don't reflect what it is you are saying," he murmured confusedly.

"Not a bit of it," the other reassured him. "Everything that I've said goes."

•

The peer, trembling a little, rose to his feet. "It is a preposterously big reward for the merest act of courtesy," he insisted. "Of course, it takes my breath away for joy,—and yet I feel that I oughtn't to be consenting to it at all. And it has its unpleasant side,—it buries me under a mountain of obligation. I don't know what to do, or what to say."

"Well, leave the saying and doing to me, then," replied Thorpe, with a gesture before which the other resumed his seat. "Just a

CALLED THE HANDSOMEST MAN IN ENGLAND

word more,—and then I suppose we'd better be going. Look at it in this way: Your grandfather was Lord Chancellor of England, and your father was a General in the Crimea. My grandfather kept a small second-hand book shop, and my father followed him in the business.

"In one sense, that puts us ten thousand miles apart. But in another sense, we'll say that we like each other, and that there are ways in which we can be of immense use to each other, and that brings us close together. You need money,—and here it is for you. I need,—what shall I say? a kind of friendly lead in the matter of establishing myself on the right footing, among the right people,—and that's what you can do for me. Mind, I'd prefer to put it all in quite another way: I'd like to say it was all niceness on your part and all gratitude on mine. But if you want to consider it on a business basis,—why, there you have it also,—perfectly plain and clear."

He got up as he finished, and Lord Plowden rose as well. The two men shook hands in silence.

When the latter spoke, it was to say: "Do you know how to open one of those soda-water bottles? I've tried, but I can never get the trick. I think I should like to have a drink,—after this."

*

When they had put down their glasses, and the younger man was getting into his great-coat, Thorpe bestowed the bottle and the cigars within a cabinet at the corner of the room, and carefully turned a key upon them.

"If you're going west, let me give you a lift," said Lord Plowden, hat in hand. "I can set you down wherever you like. Unfortunately, I've to go out to dinner, and I must race, as it is, to get dressed."

Thorpe shook his head. "No, go along," he bade him. "I've some odds and ends of things to do on the way."

"Then when shall I see you?" began the other, and halted suddenly, with a new thought in his glance. "But what are you doing Saturday?" he asked, in a brisker tone. "It's a *dies non* here. Come down with me to-morrow evening to my place in Kent. We will shoot on Saturday, and drive about on Sunday, if you like,—and there we can talk at our leisure. Yes,—that is what you must do. I have a gun for you. Shall we say, then, Charing Cross at 9:55? Or better still, say 5:15, and we will dine at home."

The elder man pondered his answer,—frowning at the problem before him with visible anxiety. "I'm afraid I'd better not come,—it's very good of you all the same."

*

"Nonsense," retorted the other. "My mother will be very glad indeed to see you. There is no one else there,—unless perhaps my sister has some friend down. We shall make a purely family party."

Thorpe hesitated for only a further second. "All right. Charing Cross, 5:15," he said then, with the grave brevity of one who announces a momentous decision.

He stood still, looking into the fire, for a few moments after his companion had gone. Then, going to a closet at the end of the room, he brought forth his coat and hat; something prompted him to hold them up, and scrutinize them under the bright light of the electric globe. He put them on, then, with a smile, half-scornful, half-amused, playing in his beard.

The touch of a button precipitated darkness upon the Board room. He made his way out and downstairs to the street. It was a rainy, windy October night, sloppy under foot, dripping overhead. At the corner before him a cabman, motionless under his unshapely covered hat and glistening rubber cape, sat perched aloft on his seat, apparently asleep. Thorpe hailed him with a peremptory tone, and gave the brusque order "Strand!" as he clambered into the hansom.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THERE WAS A LITTLE OLD PIANETTE ON WHICH SHE PERFORMED AMID GREAT APPLAUSE

THE MAJOR'S DOG

BY B. M. CROKER. DRAWINGS BY C. D. WILLIAMS.

The Promise of a Man of Honor

WHEN the Royal British Skirmishers were quartered in Bombay their second in command was Major Bowen, a spare, grizzled, self-contained little soldier, who lived alone in one of those thatched bungalows that strongly resemble so many monstrous mushrooms, bordering the race-course.

The Major was best described by negatives. He was not married. He was not a ladies' man. Nor was he a sportsman; nor handsome, young, rich, nor even clever,—in short, he was not remarkable for anything in particular, except, perhaps, his dog. No one could dispute the fact that Major Bowen was the owner of an uncommon animal.

*

He and his dog had exchanged into "The Skirmishers" from another regiment six years previously, and though the pair were at first but coldly received, they adapted themselves so admirably to their new surroundings that ere long they had gained the esteem and goodwill of both rank and file; and, as time wore on, there actually arose an ill-concealed jealousy of their old corps, and a disposition to ignore the fact that they had not always been part and parcel of the gallant Skirmishers.

Although poor, and having but little besides his pay, the Major was liberal,—both just and generous; and if he was mean or close-fisted with any one, that person's name was Reginald Bowen. He had an extremely lofty standard of honor and of the value of his lightest word. He gave a good tone to the mess, and though he was strict with the youngsters,—more especially so on some occasions,—they all liked him.

Inflexible as he could look on parade or in the orderly room, elsewhere he received half the confidences of the regiment; and many a subaltern had been extricated from a scrape, thanks to the little Major's assistance,—monetary and otherwise. He was a smart officer and a capital horseman, and here was another source of his popularity. He lent his horses and ponies, with ungrudging good faith, to those impecunious youths who boasted but the one hard-worked barrack "tat"; and many a happy hour with hounds, or on the polo ground, was spent on the back of the Major's cattle.

Major Bowen did not race or hunt, and rarely played polo; in fact, he was not much interested in anything,—although upward of forty, he was supremely indifferent to his dinner!—the one thing he really cared about was his dog; a sharp, well-bred fox-terrier, with bright eyes and lemon-colored ears, who, in spite of the fact that her original name was "Minnie," had been known as "the Missus" for the last five years.

This name was given to her in joke, and in acknowledgment of her accomplishments, the agreeable manner in which she did the honors of her master's bungalow, and the extraordinary care she took of him and all his property. It was truly hard to see this little creature,—of at most sixteen pounds' weight,—gravely lying, with crossed paws, in front of the Major's sixteen-hands "waler," while he was going round barracks or occupied in the orderly room. Her pose of self-importance distinctly said: "The horse and syce are in my charge!"

She went about the compound early every morning and rigorously turned out vagrants, suspicious looking visitors to the servants' quarters, and all dogs and goats! She accompanied her master to mess, and fetched him home, no matter how late the hour,—and through the rains (and they are no joke in Bombay) it was just the same: there was the chokidar with his mackintosh and lantern; and there was also invariably the shivering, sleepy little Missus.

It was of no avail to tie her up at home; not only were her heartrending howls audible for a quarter of a mile, but on one occasion she actually arrived under the dinner-table, chain and all, to the discomfort of the Colonel's legs, the great scandal of the mess-sergeant, and her own everlasting disgrace!

*

So she was eventually suffered,—like willful woman,—to have her way. Her master's friends were her friends and took the Missus quite seriously,—but she drew the line at dogs. It must be admitted that her manners to her own species were not nice. She had an unladylike habit of suddenly sitting down when she descried one afar off, and sniffing the so-to-speak tainted air, that was nothing more nor less than a deliberate insult to any animal with the commonest self-respect; many a battle was fought in consequence.

The Missus was undeniably accomplished; she fetched papers and slippers, gave the paw and in the new style,—on a level with her head,—walked briskly on her hind legs, could strum on the piano, and sing, accompanying herself to a clear, somewhat shrill, soprano. There was a little old pianette in the Major's sitting-room on which she performed amid great applause.

Of course she went to the hills, where she had an immense acquaintance; she had also been on active service on the Black Mountain, and when one night a prowling Afridi crept on his hands and knees into the Major's tent, he found himself unexpectedly pinned by a set of sharp teeth,—he carried the mark of that bite to his grave.

Major Bowen was not the least ashamed of his affection for his dog. She was his weak point,—even the company's dhobees approached him through her favor. Her master was foolishly proud of her good looks,—very sensitive respecting her little foibles (which he clumsily endeavored to conceal), and actually touchy about her age!

*

It was toward the end of the monsoon, when the compound was almost afloat, and querulous frogs croaked in every corner of the verandas, that Major Bowen became seriously ill with malarial fever. He had been out ten years,—"five years too long," the doctor declared; "he must go home at once, and never return to India."

This was bad news for the regiment, and still worse for the invalid, who helped a widowed sister with all he could spare from his colonial allowances. There would not be much margin on English pay!

He was dangerously ill in that lofty, bare, whitewashed bedroom in Infantry Lines. He would not be the first to die there. No,—not by many. His friends were devoted and anxious. The Missus was distracted. She lay all day long at the foot of his cot, watching and listening, and following his slightest movement with a pair of agonized eyes.

At length there was a change,—and for the better. The patient was promoted into a cane lounge in the sitting-room, to solids, and to society,—as represented by half the regiment. He looked round his meagrely furnished little room with interested eyes. There was not a speck of dust to be seen, everything was in its place, to the letter-weight on the writing-table and the old faded photos in their shabby leather frames. Missus' basket was pushed into a far corner. She had not used it for weeks.

*

He and Missus were going home, and would soon say good-by forever to the steep-roofed thatched bungalow, the creaking cane chairs, the red saloo purdahs, to the verandas, embowered in pale lilac "railway" creeper, to the neat little garden,—to the regiment,—to Bombay. Their passages were taken and everything was ready. They were off in the Arcadia in three days.

That afternoon the Major had all his kit and personal property paraded in his sitting-room, in order that the packing of his belongings (he was a very tidy man) should take place under his own eyes. The bearer was in attendance, and with him his slave and scapegoat—the chokra.

"Abdul," said his master, as his gaze traveled languidly from one neatly folded pile of clothes to another,—from guns in cases to guns not in cases, to clocks, revolvers, watches, candlesticks,—the collection of ten years, parting gifts, bargains and legacies,—"You have been my servant for six years, and have served me well. I have twice raised your wages, and you have made a very good thing of me, I believe, and can, no doubt, retire and set up a ticca gharry, or a shop. I am going away and never coming back, and I want to give you something of mine as a remembrance."

*

The bearer deliberately unfolded his arms, and salaamed in silence.

"You may choose anything you like out of this room," continued the Major, with unexampled recklessness.

Abdul's eyes glittered curiously.

"Sahib never making joke,—sahib making really earnest?" casting on him a glance of almost desperate eagerness. The glance was lost on his master, whose attention was intently fixed on a discarded gold-laced tunic and mess-jacket.

"Of course," he said to himself, "Abdul will choose them," for gold lace is ever dear to a native heart, it sells so well in the bazaar, and melts down to such advantage.

"Making earnest!" repeated the invalid, irritably. "Do I ever do otherwise? Look sharp, and take your choice."

"Salaam, sahib," he answered, and turned quickly to where the Missus was coiled up in a chair. "I take my choice of anything in this room. Then I take—the—dog."

"The—dog!" repeated her owner, with a half-stupefied air.

"Verily, I am fond of Missy. Missy fond of master. The dog and I will remember the sahib together, when he is far away."

The sahib felt as if some one had suddenly plunged a knife in his heart. In Abdul's bold gaze, in Abdul's petition, he, too late, recalled the solemn (but despised) warning of a brother officer:

"That bearer of yours is a vindictive brute; you got his son turned out of the mess, and served him right, for a drunken, thieving hound! But sleek as he looks, Abdul will have it in for you yet."

Major Bowen was still desperately weak, and he had just been dealt a crushing blow; but the spirit that holds India was present in that wasted frame, and, with a superhuman effort, he boldly confronted the two natives,—the open-mouthed, gaping chokra, the respectfully exultant bearer,—and then said, "Atcha" (that is to say, "good"), "it is well"; and then he feebly waved to the pair to depart from him, for he was tired.

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Truly, it was anything but "good." It seemed the worst calamity that could have befallen him. He was face to face with a terrible situation. He must either forfeit his word or his dog,—which was it to be?

In all his life, to the best of his knowledge, he had never broken faith, and now to do it to a native!—that was absolutely out of the question. But his dog,—his friend,—his companion,—with whom he never meant to part as long as she lived (for she had given her to him). He sat erect, and looked over at the Missus, where she lay snugly curled up; her expressive eyes met his eagerly.

Little, oh, Missus, do you guess the fatal promise that has just been made, or how largely it concerns you! Her master lay back with a groan, and turned his face away from the light, a truly miserable man! His faithful Missus!—to have to part with her to one of the regiment would have been grief enough; but to a Mohammedan, with their unconcealed scorn of dogs!

He must have been mad when he made that rash offer; but then, in justification, his common-sense urged, "How was he to suppose that Abdul would choose anything but a silver watch, a gun, or the worth of fifty rupees?" Major Bowen was far from being an imaginative man, but as he lay awake all night long, and listened to the wild roof-cats stealing down the thatch, and heard them pattering back at dawn, one mental picture stood out distinctly.

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A low, squalid mud hut in a bazaar; a native string bed, and tied to it by a cord,—the Missus! The Missus, with thin ribs, a staring coat, and misery, depicted on her little face, the sport of the children and the flies,—starved, forlorn, heartbroken,—dumbly wondering what had happened to her master, and why he had so cruelly deserted her! Oh, when was he coming to fetch her? Not knowing, she was at least spared this,—that he would never come.

What an insane promise! As he recalled it, he clenched his hands in intolerable agony. Why did he not offer his watch,—his rifle? He would give Abdul a thousand rupees, gladly, to redeem the dog, but his inner consciousness assured him that Abdul, thanks to him, was already well-to-do, and that his revenge was worth more than money.

At one moment he had decided to poison the Missus with his own hands,—prussic acid was speedy; at another, he had resolved to remain in India, doctors or no doctors.

"And sacrifice your life?" again breathed common-sense. "Die for a dog!" True, but the dog was not a dog to him. She was his comrade, his sympathizer, his friend. Meanwhile, the object of all these mental agonies slept the sleep of the innocent.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Major's Dog, is taken from Village Tales and Jungle Tragedies, a collection of short stories by B. M. Croker. Published by Chatto & Windus, London.

Her master never closed his eyes; he saw the dawn glimmer through the bamboo chinks; he saw Abdul, the avenger, appear with his tea, and Abdul found him in high fever; perhaps Abdul was not surprised!

Friends and brother-officers flocked in that day and sat with the Major, and they noted with concern that he looked worse than he had done at any period of his illness. His naturally pinched face was worn and haggard to a startling degree. Moreover, in spite of the news of the high prices his horses had fetched, he was terribly "down," and why? A man going home, after ten years of India, is generally intolerably cheerful. They did their best to enliven him, these good-hearted comrades, and,—unfailing topic of interest,—they discoursed volubly and incessantly of the Missus.

"She is looking uncommonly fit," said young Stradbrooke, the owner of one of her neglected children. "She knows she is going to England. She was quite grand with me just now! She hates boating like the deuce! I wonder how she will manage to stand fourteen days at sea?"

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There was silence after this question, and then the Major said in a queer voice:

"She is—not—going."

"Not going?" An incredulous pause, and then some one exclaimed: "Come, Major, you know you would just as soon leave your head behind."

"All the same—I am leaving her——"

"And which of us is to have her?" cried the Adjutant. "Take notice, all, that I speak first. You won't pass over me, sir. Missus and I were always very chummy, and I want her to look after my chargers and servants, fetch my slippers to me every night, bring me home from mess,—and to take care of me and keep me straight."

"I have already given her away to——" The rest of the sentence seemed to stick in the Major's throat, and his thin face worked painfully.

"Away to whom?" repeated young Stradbrooke. "Say it's to me, sir. I've one of the family already,—and Missus likes me. I know her pet biscuits, and there are heaps of rats in my stables,—such whoppers!"

"Given her—to the bearer—Abdul," he answered stoutly enough, though there was a nervous quivering of the lower lip.

If the ceiling had parted asunder and tumbled down on their heads, the Major's audience would not have been half so much dumbfounded. For a whole minute they sat agape, and then one burst out:

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"I say, Major, it's a joke,—you would not give her out of the regiment."

"She is promised," replied the Major, in a sort of husky whisper.

Every one knew that the Major's promises were a serious matter, and after this answer there ensued a long, dismayed silence. The visitors eventually turned the topic, and tried to talk of other matters,—the last gazette, the new regimental ribbon, of anything but of what every mind was full, to wit, the Missus.

The news respecting her bestowal created quite a sensation that evening at the mess,—far more than that occasioned by a newly announced engagement, for there was an element of mystery about this topic. Why had the Missus been given away?

"Bowen must be off in his upper story," was the general verdict; "poor old chap, to give the dog to that rascal Abdul, of all people!" (One curious feature in the Anglo-Indian life is the low opinion people generally entertain of their friends' servants.) "The proper thing was, of course, to buy the dog, and keep her in the regiment; and when the Major came to his right senses, how glad he would be, dear old man!"

The Adjutant waylaid Abdul in the road, and said curtly:

"Is this true about the dog?—that your sahib has given her to you?"

Abdul salaamed. How convenient and non-committal is that gesture!

"What will you take for her, cash down?"

"I never selling master's present," rejoined the bearer with superb dignity.

"Well, then, swop her,—that won't hurt your delicate sense of honor. I'll get you an old pariah out of the bazaar, and give you fifty rupees to buy him a collar!"

"I have refused to-day one thousand rupees for the Missy," said Abdul.

"You lie, Abdul," said the officer sternly.

"I telling truth, Captain Sahib. I swear by the beard of the Prophet."

"Who made the offer?"

"Major Bone,"—the natives always called him "Major Bone."

"Great Scott! Poor dear old chap" (to himself): "I had no idea he was so badly touched. It is well he is going home, or it would be a case of four orderlies and a padded room. So much for this beastly country!"

Then to Abdul: "Look here; don't say a word about that offer, and come over to my quarters and I'll give you some dibs,—the sun has been too much for your sahib,—and mind you be kind to the Missus; if not, I'll come and shoot her, and thrash you within an inch of your life. Remember that!"

"Gentlemen Sahib never beating servants. Sahib touch me, I summon in police-court, and I bring report to regimental commanding officer. Also, I going my own country, Bareilly, and I never, never selling kind master's present."

"I know lots of sahibs in a paltoon (that is, regiment) at Bareilly, and I shall get them to look out for you and the dog, Mr. Abdul. You treat 'kind master's present' well, and it will be well with you,—*if* not, by Jove, you will find that I have got a long arm. I am a man of my word, so keep your mouth shut about the Major. To-night my bearer will give you ten rupees." And he walked on.

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"Bowen must be in a real bad way, when he gives his beloved dog to a native, and next day wants to buy it back for a thousand rupees," said Captain Young to himself. "I thought he looked queer yesterday, but I never guessed that he was as mad as twenty hatters. Poor fellow! It's too bad!"

The hour of the Major's departure arrived; he had entreated, as a special favor, that no one would come to see him off. This request was looked upon as more of his eccentricity, and not worthy of serious consideration; he would get all right as soon as he was at sea, and the officers who were not on duty hurried down to see the last of their popular comrade.

He drove up late, looking like death, his face withered, drawn and gray, and got out of a gharry, promptly followed by Abdul, carrying the Missus. The steam launch lay puffing and snorting at the steps,—the other passengers were already aboard,—and there was not a single moment to lose.

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The Major bade each and all a hurried farewell; he took leave of the Missus last. She was still in Abdul's arms, and believed, in her simple dog mind, that her master was merely bound for one of those detestable sails up the harbor. As she offered him an eager paw, little did she guess that it was good by forever, or that she was gazing after him for the last time, as he feebly descended the steps and took his place in the tender that was to convey him to the P. and O. steamer.

He watched the crowd of friends wildly waving handkerchiefs; but he watched, above all, with a long, long gaze of inarticulate grief, a dark turbaned figure that stood conspicuously apart with a small white object in his arms; watched almost breathlessly, till it faded away into a blur.

The Bengal civilian who sat next to Major Bowen in the tender stared at him in contemptuous astonishment. He had been twenty-five years in the country (mitigating his exile with as much furlough,—sick, privilege, and otherwise,—as he could possibly obtain), and this was the first time he had seen a man quit the shores of India,—with *tears of sorrow in his eyes!*

"ABDUL, I WANT TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING OF MINE AS A REMEMBRANCE"

THE PROFESSOR'S DAUGHTER

By Anna Farquhar

With Drawings by HENRY HUTT

SYNOPSIS:—Louise Fremont, daughter of a former professor of history, is advised by Doctor Everett Layton, a New York specialist, whom she consults about her eyes, to drop all work and go to the seashore for absolute rest and recreation. Following his advice, she and her father go to Weecapaug, a beautiful spot on the Rhode Island coast, and board at the home of Miss Melissy Stillman, an old friend of the Doctor. Here they meet Ol Peckham, a simple, yet shrewd, fisherman, whose close communion with Nature has kept him pure and unsullied from the world. This rare, faithful soul holds the threads of the romance of Louise and the Doctor. The Doctor is a widower,—strong, handsome, middle-aged,—about whose married life there float vague, discreditable rumors. Whenever he can find time he runs down to Weecapaug to hunt and fish with Ol. Now that the Professor and his daughter are there he suddenly determines that he needs a rest, and he follows them. The Professor grows more and more fond of the Doctor, and the three often wander along the beach and among the dunes, reveling in the beauties of Nature. On little boating trips Ol tells them various fragments of local history, and recounts the legend of the haunted ship.

This story was begun in the number of the POST for November 12, and this brief synopsis is given to afford new readers the opportunity to follow the story through later chapters.

EIGHTH · CHAPTER

MOONLIGHT is the soul of Nature; the moon her aureole. It is the exquisite spirit of things devoid of the warmth and deformities of flesh. All beings are idealized in the moonlight. An ugly woman is uglier in the light of the sun, but the moon brings out whatever slight perfection her face may contain, screening the defects, while a beautiful woman is perfected under its idealizing influence.

That Sunday night at Weecapaug, as Louise Fremont sat in the stern of the small boat, in the moonlight, with the end of a long cape thrown over her head, Doctor Layton, looking at her there as he rowed with Ol, thought he had never before seen a woman whose face as nearly resembled Guido Reni's Mater Dolorosa; the lines of will were softened, the pensive melancholy of night had entered into her expression; she looked as though she were intended to be worshiped, not loved; her being seemed too remote to attract earthly passion.

Of herself she was totally unconscious, which enhanced her charm to the three men who from such different standpoints of life met in reverence of woman's purity. The moon was still young, and at that early evening hour was well up into the zenith, throwing a gleaming silver path across the Breach.

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Few words were spoken between them at first; there was an instinctive silence. Ol's native refinement was constantly evinced by his knowledge of when to keep silent. Presently Louise said slowly, "Do you wonder that the Indians worshiped the moon, considering their lack of subjective comprehension? It is so much easier to worship an object,—something one can grasp if only with a single sense."

"No, it is no wonder," replied Layton; "and for that very reason the Catholic Church will outlive all other Christian churches, unless human nature changes. The average man must have at least a symbol to worship; he is not granted the highest reasoning faculties, and so he must feel his God through some natural expression,—some form,—or he loses him altogether. The pagans only worshiped Luna as a representative of Zeus."

"Yes, Doctor Layton," interposed the Professor, "but did they in truth worship the moon as a symbol? They held her to be all-powerful; they prayed to her not as a mediator, but as a source of benefaction or destruction. The moon has a wonderful power over man's imagination——"

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"You don't know nothin' 'bout how powerful she be," interrupted Ol. "She's the biggest power there be on earth! I can't make you sensible o' it! Did you ever go to sleep on deck o' a fishin' smack in the moonlight? Jus' you try it. Once I did, an' waked up's near a lunatic's I could be to git over it."

"Tell them about that, Ol," said Layton.

"As I were sayin', it were terrible hot, an' we wus driftin' up the Sound, without more breeze'n a ripple, an' from choice I went to sleep right on deck for'ard. Al Hepburn, my mate, waked me up by shakin' o' me hard, sayin', 'You fool! Do you cal'late to git moonstruck? Git out o' this!' I heard them words, but not a guggle even could I git out o' my mouth. He hauled me up to my feet, standin', an' I 'low I carried on same's a fool 'th drink. I never were drunk, but I felt the same's them as drinks looks. My head wouldn't work any more'n a donkey's, an' I wa'n't right again till mornin'. Did you know the moon'd spile a mess o' fish layin' out in it sooner'n sun do? If we'd ketch a mess now, an' lay 'em out yonder on the sand, they'd be spilt before mornin'."

"How remarkable!" exclaimed Professor Fremont. "I had no idea of such a thing!"

"Stiddy, now, Doc," said Ol; "when I says 'pull,' do it. There be plenty o' time between the nex' two, I cal'late."

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They had reached the bar where even in so quiet a sea the water made into breakers that reared and curved, showing at night a black breast before they broke. Ol watched his chance and took his boat easily along through a heavy sea out into the more quiet waters beyond. The summer cottages and many of the neighborhood people intimated that Ol's courage was overbalanced by caution, because he would not go out fishing through those breakers on the bar when they became savage.

His invariable reply was, "Life's wuth more'n darin', not 'at I wouldn't row through them breakers if 'twas to save a person from drownin', but some folks does things 'cause they don't know nothin 'bout the sight o' danger they's in. My way's to face about if you know you can't git through, an' wait till you can, if there ain't no hurry. When hurry comes, I'll be there if I'm alive, an' it's jus' the same 'th principles as fishin'."

They rowed about half a mile out to sea and back again. Ol told them stories of the wrecks along the beach, pointing out as they neared land the ghostly figure of the solitary patrol from the life-saving station, whose beat led him as far west as Gull Rocks. After they had recrossed the bar Ol looked back over his shoulder. Suddenly he dropped his oars in front of him, exclaiming, "Lay low! What do you see there, Doc? See, by the rocks!"

Layton took the same attitude, replying, "It can't be a schooner thrown up on the rocks, or we would have seen it coming in,—but it looks like a small vessel smoking and burning."

"It's the ship, Doc. Don't stir. I've seed it twice before. See! it's began to float off to Block Island! Don't anybody speak a word. It's the haunted ship!"

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His voice was hoarse as he whispered, and his face grew white while he stared at the light, as though suddenly petrified. Louise felt her heart beat, for his terror was contagious, and she, too, saw a light which grew brighter as it moved out to sea. The radiance changed in moving into a rosy effulgence, lifting and floating as it moved rapidly. As they sat there watching in silence, it seemed to settle on some spot far out at sea and disappear.

"What is the illumination, Doctor Layton?" asked the Professor. "Is it not some unusual mirage of phosphorescence?"

"The general opinion is that it must be caused by some unusual atmospheric condition. It is always followed by violent weather. I have never seen it before, and scarcely credited the tale," replied Layton, taking up his oars and beginning to row.

"It's the haunted ship, I tell you, folks. When you're on the island it looks to begin there and stop over here,—on this side it seems as if it starts out yonder an' stops when it reaches where them folks wus murdered by them pirates."

He had begun to row again, but his bold stroke had lost its accustomed vigor. He believed and was cowed by the supernatural.

When they reached the camp, Doctor Layton said, "You get out, Ol, and fix up the bunks ready for the night, while I take our friends up to the bridge. I'll be ready to turn in as soon as I come back, for I must be

off early in the morning to catch the express uptown. I have a surgical case at two o'clock to-morrow."

Ol got out in silence, but before they started off he said, "Good-night to you folks. I'll be 'long at the bridge to-morrow at two to carry you up the pond—if I'm alive."

"He will not sleep much to-night, but he is better off thinking about my comfort than at anything else," said Layton. "It is his one weakness,—an inherited belief and fear of the supernatural. He is the bravest man physically and morally I ever knew, but, as you see, he becomes a child when facing the unexplainable. Have you begun to realize his goodness yet? Why, that man unconsciously does more good in this neighborhood than all the rest put together. He does right for right's sake, and his standard is impregnable. Just think of it! Although he was brought up among a carousing, drinking lot, he has never tasted liquor.

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"His father was a common drunkard, and Ol learned a lesson from him. Nor will he permit any drinking on his beach. During the season, on Saturdays and Sundays, men, boys and women come down here for the day from Shannock. They know they have to behave themselves on the sandy beach or Ol will send them home by force of might, if right will not avail. He will not take a married woman into his boat unless her husband is along. He says 'keepin' company 'th married women ain't no decent fellar's bizness.' He is really the most straight-laced individual of my acquaintance. It is his example that does the work. He never wastes words, you notice. Ol has been the best influence my life has known since my mother died, twenty years ago."

"One of Nature's noblemen the fisherman must be, Doctor Layton. I congratulate you on such a friendship," said the Professor.

"Father," Louise exclaimed, "I have found my ideal,—just what you said I never would do,—a spotless man!"

"Your ideal at the present moment, my dear. Though a man's virtue is the best part of him, it does not comprise his entire being; the mental development and many other things are to be considered in communion with human beings," he replied.

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"It is too late to begin an argument, but I repeat that I have found my ideal."

"Consider his grammar——"

"Now don't begin to pick him to pieces,—I won't hear it!" interrupted his daughter, half laughing.

"You couldn't find a better ideal, Miss Fremont. Let him do you all the good he can. The first lesson he teaches is charity for those less endowed with strength than himself," said Layton. "Good-by, I must say." He assisted her out of the boat. "I go at six in the morning, but I shall be here again next Sunday for my long vacation, when I hope we may enjoy this place together. To-morrow, when I go up to Shannock, I'll leave a note for Uncle Billy, Professor Fremont. He is away on a visit at present, but I expect him home this week. The first thing he will do after reading my note will be to come down to see you, so be on the lookout for him. Good-night again."

Layton looked extremely well as he stood uncovered in the boat, leaning against a long oar which he had driven into the sand in order to steady the dory. He was always powerful and magnetic, but that night there seemed a steadier light in his eyes and a stronger purpose in his manner. Louise felt this, but was baffled when she tried to analyze it, as was her habit with everything new to her. As Layton moved off he called back: "Professor, see that my patient obeys orders."

"I will enforce the law, Doctor," replied Professor Fremont, leaning against his daughter as they stood; then he added with less voice, "I am tired, Louie. I wonder if I have done too much to-day."

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By the next day a nor'easter had brewed, preventing the row up the pond, but the Fremonts were made comfortable in the house by the log fire in what Melissa called "the livin' room,"—the long unused parlor. They did some work, but Melissa's sociability impeded their progress. She would come in at frequent intervals, ostensibly to feed the fire with snapping logs and driftwood; in reality to talk.

Consequently, in self-defense they discussed the apparition of the night previous and the immediate following of rough weather; they philosophized at length over the phenomenon of Oliver Peckham's moral development from amid such hereditary surroundings. The Professor told more interesting stories about Billy Everett, and tried to discuss that gentleman's nephew, but Louise was so utterly unresponsive when he mentioned anything about Doctor Layton that the subject was dropped at once.

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These two were rarely at a loss for conversational food, their companionship was so closely woven with sympathy and affection. For two days and nights the rain fell and poured, fell and poured, as though the heavens were telling all their sorrows and wrath at once. The wind whipped and drove the rain before it, howling and shrieking in a chorus of angry and imploring voices of tortured souls, then sank back into a piteous moan as it gathered strength from the northeast for more ungodly yells. The house shook and rocked, the timbers creaked, and the collie, who tried to sleep by the fire, shivered and whined at each repeated attack of the wind.

When the second day of this weather came Louise was depressed. She could not settle upon any one thing either as occupation for her hands or mind. At about four o'clock she stood at the window peering out into the driving storm, when she saw a tall figure which seemed to spring up from the ground at a short distance from the house.

She went into the dining-room for a better view, and was met at the door by Ol, covered from head to foot by his sou'westers, otherwise tarpaulins, still otherwise ilers.

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"You didn't expec' me, gurl, did you!" he said, catching sight of her as he opened the door. "Give me a minute to take off these drippin' ilers an' I'll be back."

"Where did you come from? You must be wet through."

"Nary a bit. Jus' you wait," he replied, going into the kitchen and closing the door. He came back still wearing the rubber boots, but the "ilers" had been hung up to dry in the kitchen. "Now I'll be with you soon's I git my pail o' fish outside. I were thinkin' you'd like some fur yure supper this damp day."

He carried the fish out to the kitchen and called Melissa from upstairs to take charge of them. Louise waited for him, and they joined her father together. She looked so white beside his brown face that her pallor seemed unearthly by contrast.

"Here is Ol, father," she said, unconsciously calling him by the name already grown familiar to her ears. "He swam, or waded, or in some way got here,—just to bring us some fish for supper."

"That was good of you, my man," said the Professor, laying down a book and removing his glasses.

"'Twa'n't good a bit," replied Ol. "'Twere's ratchrel's life. I 'lowed to take you rowin' yistaday, an's long's I couldn't make out to do it against the weather I jus' come up to see if you's livin' through it. Ain't it turrible? Gul! I never did see a worse night'n las' were! It's al'ays so follerin' the haunted ship we see the other night. I'm feard lest Doc got ketched in the worst o' it yistaday. It started up sort o' easy in the middle o' the night."

"Do you suppose he did?" asked Louise.

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"Can't say, but jus' 's like's not he were ketched. He were real mulish 'bout goin's early's five o'clock in the rain an' stoppin' to give Ann Randall another call. She asked him to come again, declarin' she'd not live till next Sunday, so stop he would. The Lord Hisself couldn't stop Doc from doin' good once he sets his mind on it."

"Every one seems to speak well of him in this neighborhood," commented the Professor.

"Land sakes! yes! they'd better jus'! He does 'nough fur 'em. Even's long back's when his woman were alive she couldn't stop his comin' down here'n livin' with his friends, an' she tried hard."

"Has Doctor Layton's wife been deceased long?" asked Professor Fremont.

"Dead, you mean? Goin' on five years about, an' I only wish it had been ten instid, then he'd never knowed her an' been that much better off. Wa'n't you folks acquainted 'th her?"

"No, we were not," replied the Professor, who did not wish to appear inquisitive, but was undoubtedly interested in knowing more about Doctor Everett Layton.

"You wus jus' 's well off, then. In all the length o' my days I never did jus' despise but two folks, an' she's one o' 'em."

"But why, Oliver?" asked the Professor.

"What was the matter with the lady?"

"She wa'n't no lady. She were jus' some pretty hide coverin' bones an' stomic an' other things,—but not no heart; every soul round here knows it,—'tain't no secret I'm tellin' o' you. A real lady knows folks when she furst lays eyes on 'em. She didn't, an' when he furst brung her down here she stuck up her nose at the hull plantation. It jus' tickered me all out to see how mad she'd make him treatin' his friends so. We took her along o' us in the boat one day up the pond, an' she said's how the boat were nasty! 'Everett,' says she, 'how can you stan' the place an' the people? Yure tastes is low, I'm feard. This here boat smells o' dead fish ('s though we killed 'em an' left 'em in the boat), an' that woman at the house (meanin' Melissy) be too awful fur words. I mus' go home to-morrow, Everett.'"

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Oliver put on the most comically finicky airs of a distressed fine lady, using a falsetto voice and screwing up his nose. "Doc tole her she might go home any time she had a mind to, but he purposed to stay, an' she went the very next day."

"But, Oliver, would you despise a person because she was not a lady at heart,—which she could not have been?" asked Louise.

"That wa'n't all," replied Ol, shaking his head. "Her principles wus all wrong, 'cordin' to my way o' thinkin'. She never showed her face again till the nex' year, when she come up behind me when I were mendin' a net down at the camp, an' says she, smilin' sweet's honey, 'This be Oliver, ain't it?' Says I, 'Yes; how be you? Where's Doc?'

"'Oh, he couldn't get down 'long o' me; he'll come later. Will you do me a paticuler favor, Oliver? I've got a friend comin' down to-morrow on the early train. If I pay you for it won't you go up to Shannock an' carry him over here? Miss Stillman (meanin' Melissy) 'll let him stay fur dinner to her house, an' you can carry him back the same night.' I jus' looked at her real hard, an' says I, 'Men folks or women folks, Mrs. Layton?' 'Oh, he be a great friend o' ours in town,' says she. 'We want him to see yure beautiful home?' 'Is that so?' says I, lookin' harder yet at her. 'He'll never see this beautiful home without Doc's here to introduce it to him,—nor any other man you bring down here, if it's at all dependable on me to carry him over.'

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"Then if you could ha' heard her light into me fur my impidence an' low-downness! I al'ays finds when folks is doin' wrong they calls other folks names. She couldn't get any one to carry him down from here (I seen to that), but he come jus' the same, in a team from Shannock, an' had to pay fur it by the day,—but they never tried it again. I never tole Doc 'bout it. I wouldn't hurt his feelin's, but I asked him if he had a friend o' that name, an' he said, lookin' real harsh, 'No, I ain't got no friend, but I've got an enemy. Where'd you hear the name?' I turned it off somehow, an' he never asked no more, but I knowed without his tellin' me that his woman were spilin' his life.

"'Tain't no secret I'm tellin' o' you,—all the folks knows 'bout it here, an' I can't let you believe none o' them city lies 'bout him."

He paused. Neither the Professor nor Louise knew what to say, but silence never disconcerted Oliver,—he was used to it. In a moment or two he continued: "One o' his patients says before me oncet as Doc were unkind to his woman. Says I, 'Take that back, or Ol Peckham'll make you,' an' he took it. Unkind! Why, Doc couldn't be unkind to the devil hisself! He's got more heart'n's good fur him plenty o' times, an' I don't know's city folks sees the inside o' a fellar ever. Doc only shows 'em the outside. He ain't got much use fur 'em. That woman o' his'n spread lies 'bout him, too, but he jus' let her talk, an' didn't say no word hisself. Mister Professor, I'll thank you to say them lines again 'bout the haunted ship. I like to hear 'em. Po'try an' singin' is the next bes' sounds to waves to me."

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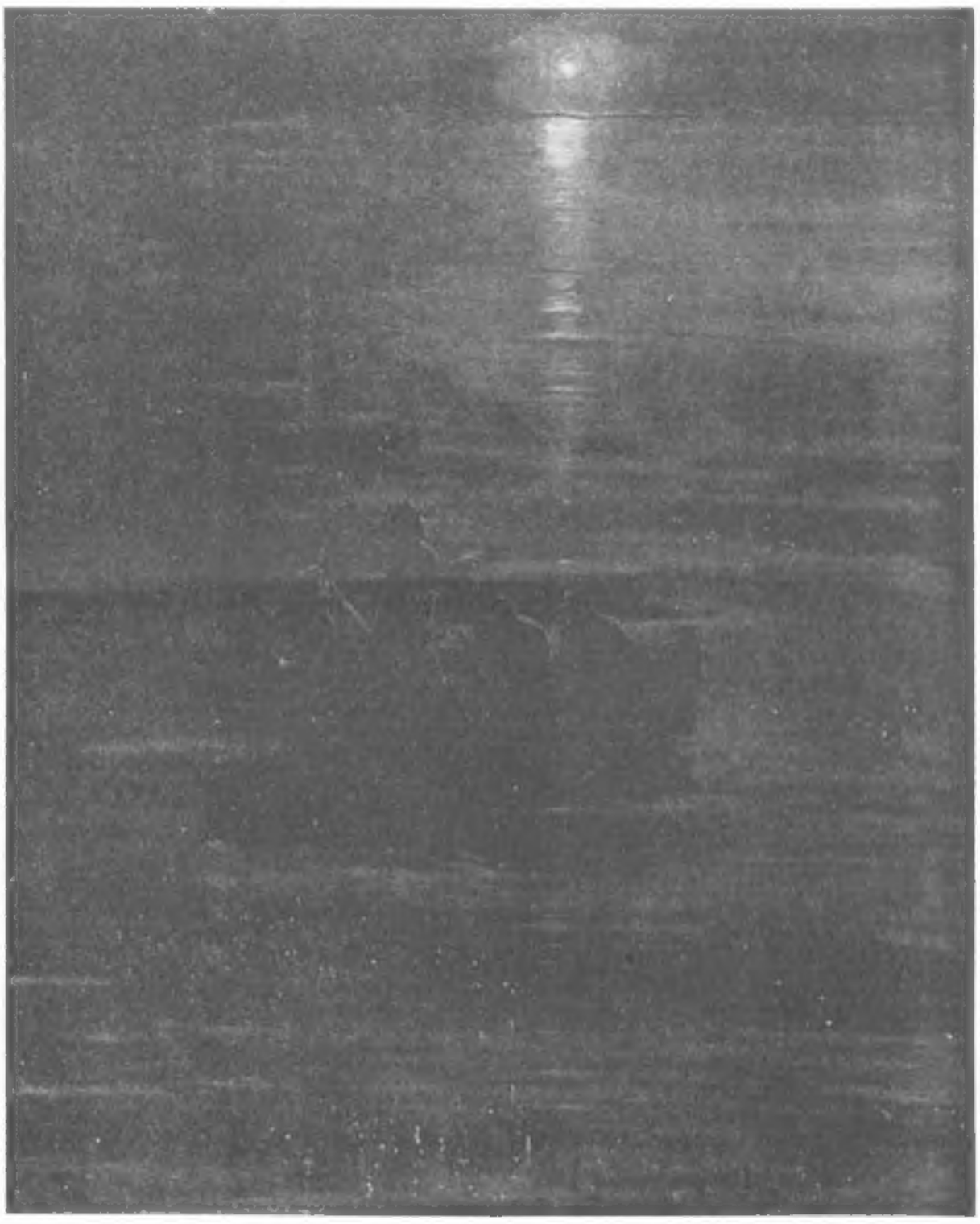
The Professor complied with his request, and never before had the poem appealed to him as then; the wind, having died down, only moaned occasionally, and the fisherman sat in the early twilight listening with all the enthusiasm of faith.

When he finished the rhythmic story, Ol said impressively, "It's every word o' it true's Gospel. Thank you fur sayin' it. I mus' be goin'. Look out, gurl, an' see the clouds breakin' away. They wus liftin' when I come, an' the moon'll break 'em all



"IT'S THE HAUNTED SHIP,—
I'VE SEED IT TWICE BEFORE!"

up. By mornin' the wind'll be 'round to the north'rd, an' you'll have to git out yure winter clothes. Will you come down an' see the breakers in the mornin', if it clears? They'll be mountain high after the storm."

They gladly accepted his invitation; then he went out into the kitchen, where they heard him talking to Melissa in an animated manner for some time afterward.

"YOU DIDN'T EXPECT ME, GURL, DID YOU?"

Wednesday morning broke clear and cold, with the wind to the north, as Oliver had predicted. The Fremonts went down to the beach and watched with awe the monster waves leap and throw themselves on the rocks,—a fortress which has withstood their assaults from the beginning of time. Will they never know this and rest? Not until the elemental feud is settled for all time, when all Nature is at eternal peace.

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In the afternoon Professor Fremont insisted that he could not go out again that day for fear Billy Everett might drive over during his absence. He would occupy himself with work, and Louise must go rowing alone with Ol, who was between seasons, as far as work was concerned, the summer fishing having come to an end and the big autumn run of fish not on yet.

That afternoon Ol told Louise a great deal about the neighborhood people. She was specially interested in Melissa's romance. Ol told the story in this way:

"Melissy wa'n't more'n nineteen when a vessel were wrecked 'bout half a mile up the beach. 'Twere a fearful night, an' all wus lost 'ceptin' some spars three sailors floated ashore on, an' some carpets an' things belongin' to the cabin. Them sailors wus took care o' by the neighbors. Ole man Stillman took in one called Bill French. Well, Bill an' Melissy kind o' made it up between 'em to keep company, but the ole man, who al'ays did have more tongue'n sense, heard 'em talkin' together 'bout gettin' married one time in the orchard, where they wus mutchin, an' didn't know he were round. The ole man took a cowhide and lammed Bill all round the place, with Melissy yellin' at him to stop, an' after that nothin' more were heard o' Bill French. Skipped out, 'twere supposed,—afeared o' ole Stillman."

"Poor Melissa!" said Louise, her voice full of sympathy; "I never thought of her as having had a romance."

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"They's all had 'em, or they's bound to come," replied Ol calmly. "Lovin's a kind o' sickness 'tain't easy to give the slip, an' if folks does, they's al'ays sorry they didn't ketch it. Just look at it! There's my man as cooks fur me in the summer season an' does chores fur Jake Stillman in winter time. He's keepin' company 'th the schoolmarm, an' together they ain't got more'n forty-two dollars a month, an' jus' yistaday he were tellin' me they 'lows they'll get married in the spring. Jim ain't got nothin' but love, an' the schoolmarm ain't got nothin' but love, so I cal'late they'll have to live on it a while."

"How much did you say they make between them," asked Louise, in serious dismay at such a foolhardy proceeding.

"He gets twenty dollars a month an' his livin' as hired help to Stillman, an' she gets twenty-four dollars a month school teachin' in the winter time."

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"I think it is outrageous for people to marry on so little! Why don't they wait until they are doing better, and have more money to begin on?"

"They'd like's not die a-waitin' before they'd get hitched. It's the love o' each other as gives 'em ambition to keep a-goin'."

"Then you think, Ol, that love makes people better?"

"Better! Why, land sakes! It makes 'em all they be or ever will be. I ain't used to speakin' 'bout them things, gurl, an' I don't know nothin' 'bout how to say it, but it's jus' this way: they'd all be like them critters over there in the pasture chewin' their cud, waitin' fur folks to milk their tits fur 'em, without no ambition to do fur theirselves if there wa'n't that power inside folks 'at stirs some o' them up worse'n a hornet do, to be sure, but mostly it's jus' given 'em ambition fur to keep along theirselves because that'll keep along the others; well, course some o' 'em goes it all alone better'n in partnership, same's me an' you, but it's al'ays fur the reason they ain't found the right partner."

"If you feel that way about it, why don't you marry, Ol?"

"Me! Me hitch? Ah, now, I loves the womenfolks all too powerful well to settle to one. I'd have to be a A-rab or a Turkey or whatever they're named, where the law 'lows a house full o' them at one time," laughed Ol.

"Why, Oliver, you surprise me by such talk!" exclaimed Louise, looking at him in suspicion. "Doctor Layton says you are the best man metally that he ever knew."

"Well, now, gurl, I 'low my principles be some'at better'n my speech."

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With this kind of conversation they helped time along, when they talked at all; but Louise soon found that Ol did not expect to be entertained in return for his entertainment. He had refused her offer of payment for the boating with fine scorn. During that week she was happy in a way new to her. Not for years had she spent days devoid of mental industry, and she found this enforced idleness growing more agreeable instead of tiresome as the week passed. By the end of the week she felt younger. The Professor held his resolution to remain at home during the afternoons, in hopes of seeing Billy Everett, but up to Saturday that gentleman had disappointed him. Louise told her father she was beginning to feel picturesque herself according to the law of association, and the feeling was novel and agreeable.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

—AND WATCHED WITH AWE THE WAVES LEAP AND THROW THEMSELVES ON THE ROCKS

THE PROTECTION OF THE SPARROWHAWK

The Secret of Captain M'Cracken's Dislike for Ducks

By JOHN ARTHUR BARRY. *With Drawings by* B. MARTIN JUSTICE

MANY people have their special antipathies. There are instances on record of one fainting at the scent of heliotrope; of another becoming hysterical at the mewing of a cat; and so on, and so on, *ad infinitum*. The Scotch, as a rule, are anything but a nervously susceptible nation, taken either collectively or individually. Nor have I heard that those members of it who follow the sea as a calling are more so than their shore-keeping compatriots.

Still, to the present day, and probably to the day of his departure, John M'Cracken, retired master-mariner of Aberdeen, becomes signally and powerfully moved by the cry of the domestic duck, rendered universally and approximately as "Quack!" His red face grows redder, his light blue eyes glower menacingly, and his hands open and close nervously, as if longing for some missile wherewith to annihilate the unconscious fowl,—or its human imitator.

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The Sparrowhawk, bark, M'Cracken, master, was chartered to convey returning Chinese passengers from Singapore to Amoy.

I think the regulations as to space, numbers, etc., etc., could not, in those days, have been very strict. Be this as it may, Skipper M'Cracken filled up until he could fill no more. The 'tween-deck was like a freshly opened sardine tin; on the main deck they lay in double tiers. Many roosted in the tops. The boats on the davits and the long-boat on the skids swarmed with the home-going children of the Flowery Land.

The better class, merchants, tradesmen, etc., had secured everything aft, from the Captain's cabin to the Steward's pantry, for which accommodations fabulous sums found their way into the pockets of M'Cracken and his mates. For'ard, the crew had vacated the forecastle in consideration of sundry handfuls per man of dollars, which they had subsequently discovered to be "chop."

The mild-eyed heathen in his leisure moments had amused himself by punching pellets of good silver out of them and filling the holes up with lead. From taffrail to bowsprit-heel, from waterways to keelson, the Sparrowhawk seethed with a sweltering mass of yellow humanity. Every soul had a square of matting and a water-jar, also an umbrella. They also all had money,—more or less. The fellows aft, with the flowing silk gowns and long finger-nails, owned chests of it, all in silver specie, stowed snugly away in the lazarette. The herd carried their little fortunes, hardly earned by years of incessant toil as sampan men, porters, or what not, in the great border city on the seacoast, hidden for safety in different ways upon their persons.

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The vessel looked grotesque to a degree. She was flying light, and towered loftily out of the water. Upon her deck, amidships, rose two big arrangements after the nature of boilers. These were for cooking rice, and were occasionally the scenes of fierce fighting, during which the Europeans would clamber into the rigging, leaving a clear field, and applaud vociferously. They were a harmless people, and fought like sheep-dogs, rarely doing one another much harm.

The passengers, however, bore it all placidly. They had paid M'Cracken so many dollars per head for a piece of his deck, and the situation of it was quite immaterial. Moreover, were they not homeward bound, after years of separation from wives and little ones, with fortunes made beyond the sea? Men in such circumstances are apt to be good-tempered under most trying positions.

A heavy squall would probably have caused the loss of the Sparrowhawk and all on board. But Captain M'Cracken took the risk,—and the dollars. He slept on an old sail folded across the cuddy skylight. His mattress he had leased, along with his stateroom, to one of the merchants, who, he understood, was a convert to Christianity. The wind kept light, with showers at intervals. At the first drop, up would go every umbrella; and, looking from aloft, the sight was a queer one.

On leaving Singapore the skipper had been warned that pirates were still to be met with in Chinese waters, and, short though the passage was, advised to arm, at all events in some sort, his ship and crew. This he did in a way which he thought highly commendable.

At a marine store he bought, second-hand, a couple of cannon,—three pounders,—also several dozen of grape shot. In exchange for a worn mizzen-topsail and the fat saved by the cook (by usage the latter's perquisite) on the passage out, he procured some old Tower muskets, a few boarding-pikes, and three horse-pistols for his own and his officers' especial use. These last had flintlocks, and mouths like a bell. Thus equipped, he declared himself ready for any piratical attack which might be made.

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The ship's agents smiled meaningly, and winked at each other; but, knowing their man, forbore further advice, well recognizing the inutility of it. A Scotchman who owns a full half-interest in his ship, who hails from Aberdeen, and habitually comes ashore in latitude 0 with a Glengarry cap on, no umbrella, and naked feet, is not a being to stand argument.

One night the moon rose full, and right aft. She rose, too, with a big black spot in her disc that had no right to be there.

"It'll be a junk, I'm thinkin'!" the skipper said presently, after working away for a while with his glass; "an' a muckle nae at that. She's fetchin' a breezie wi' her, whilk's a comfort."

Some of the long-nailed aristocrats were lounging about the poop. They needed no glass to make out the approaching vessel. Gathering in a group, they cackled noisily, pointing and gesticulating among themselves.

Then, coming up to the Captain, one of them,—it was his Christian friend,—plucked him by the arm and uttered laconically, with extended digit, "Prat!"

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"Weel, Johnnie," replied old M'Cracken coolly, as he gathered the other's meaning, "pireet or no pireet, gin he come a wee 'closer, we'll just pepper the hide o' him wi' cauld airn."

Without more ado the Chinaman dived into his cabin, and in a minute or two reappeared with a most hideous idol and a bundle of perfumed paper. Placing the thing right under the skipper's nose, he lit a yard of paper and began to screech an invocation. As of good Presbyterian stock, M'Cracken was irritated and shocked.

"Mon, mon," he exclaimed, "what wad ye be at! Hae ye niver ben tauld that a' graven emages is an abomination in the sicht o' the Lord? An' I thocht ye was a Christian."

So saying, he seized the joss and flung it far overboard, into the silvery water just rippling under the coming breeze. The worshiper uttered a yell of dismay. But there was no time to lose, and, rushing below, he brought up another god, ten times as hideous as the first one, and, descending to the main deck, aroused the ship with his devotions.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, The Protection of the Sparrowhawk, is taken from Steve Brown's Bunyip, a collection of stories by John Arthur Barry. Published by John MacQueen.

Then arose the sound of a multitude waking in fear,—an impressive sound and a catching. Up the open hatchways from the steaming, fetid 'tween-decks they streamed in hundreds, like disturbed ants, with cries of alarm and grief, and strong callings upon their gods. In a minute the ship was alive with lights burning before idols of every description. A thousand half-naked figures crouched cowering from the break of the poop right for'ard. Aft, a handful of rugged Scotch seamen gazed quietly at the black spot over the water.

Presently the two little guns were crammed half up to the muzzle with powder and grape, and placed each in a socket cut out for it after leaving Singapore. The remainder of the weapons were, with a stock of ammunition, divided among the crew. Hot irons were put in the galley fire; and the skipper, having thus placed his ship in a thorough state of defense, felt complacent and half-inclined to shorten sail, wait for the pirates to come up, and then give them a lesson. Old seaman though he was, he was a new hand in these Eastern waters.

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Confiding his notion to the second mate, who was also carpenter, also sailmaker, a grizzled, ancient shellback of much experience and endless voyaging, the other laughed aloud, but not mirthfully.

"If," said he, "yon's a 'prat,' as Johnnie there ca's it, we'll be meat for the fishes afore the sun's risen!"

"Hoots!" exclaimed the skipper angrily, "whaurs yer pluck, Davie, mon! I didna think ye'd be for showin' the white feather a'ready, an' ye a Newburgh lad as weel's mysel'! What's a handfu' o' naked savages like yon, in compare wi' us an' oor arteelery?"

"An' hoo mony men micht he carry yonder, div ye think?" queried the other, taking a squint at the junk, whose huge sails shone whitely under the moonbeams.

"Mebbe a score or sae," replied M'Cracken, "airmed maistly wi' spears, an' skeens, sic, as I've been tauld, bein' their usual weepons."

The other chuckled hoarsely as he said, "If she's a pirect, she'll hae at the vera leest a guid twa 'underd aboord, a' airmed wi' muskets an' swords, forbye things they ca' gingals, takin' a sax-ounce ball, to say nothin' o' stinkpots an' ither deviltries. Mon, I've seen 'em wi' guns they cannonies there wadna mak' rammars for. But if that chap has ony, I doubt we sud ha' heard fine him ere the noo.

"I was ance," continued he, "lyin' in Hongkong harbor, when they cut oot the Cashmere, a bouncin' ocean steamer, in the braid daylicht, an' murthered ivery soul on board o' her."

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The skipper listened silently. Then, wetting his finger and holding it up, he said:

"Perhaps, after a', Davie, mon, ye might 's weel set they t'g'nt stun's'ls, gin ye can get them up, wi' sic an awfu' rabble aboot the deck."

The breeze had died away again. There was only just enough of it to keep the sails full. The fresh canvas, however, sent the Sparrowhawk through the water half a knot faster, and she was beginning to perceptibly leave the junk astern, when suddenly out from her sides flashed a long row of sweeps, under whose impulse she recovered her lost ground very quickly. If there had been any doubt about the character of the stranger, there remained none now; and the uproar, which had partially ceased as the junk fell astern, arose again with tenfold vigor.

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Some of the passengers went down into the lazarette and commenced to stow as many dollars as they could about their clothing. Others divided their attention between their idols and the skipper, running frantically from one to the other. Curiously enough, the junk appeared satisfied to maintain her distance, although, had she so desired, she could have overhauled the bark.

Now, from away on the port hand, where lay the outline of the Chinese coast, black beneath the moon, came a gentle mist hanging low and thick upon the water. As it gradually enveloped the ship, hiding all but close objects from view, she was kept away three or four points. But presently, with the haze, what wind there was left her, the sails gave a few ominous flaps, and then hung simply down. At this moment a Chinaman, uttering a loud yell of fright, pointed over the starboard quarter. There, close aboard, loomed up a dark mass, almost, high as she was, on a level with the Sparrowhawk's poop-railing. It was the junk.

"The het poker, quick!" shouted the Captain. Some one brought it, and, unheeding the skipper, dabbed it straightway on the touch-hole of the little cannon pointing directly, as it happened, at the pirate.

The powder, being damp, fizzed for a minute, and, just as M'Cracken sung out, "More pouther; she's fluffed i' the pan!" with a roar the thing went off. Off and up as well, for it sprung six feet in the air, and descended with a crash into the binnacle.

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"Fetch the ither ane," shouted M'Cracken, "an' gie 'em a dose i' the wame. Hear till 'em," he continued, as a most extraordinary noise arose from the junk now just abreast of the mizzen-rigging. "Hear till 'em scrnighin', the thievin' heathen pirects. They have na muckle likin' for sic a med'cin'. It gives them the mirligoes. Pit yer fut on her, Tam Wulson, whiles I send her aff," he went on, addressing a sailor, as the other gun was brought over and shipped.

"Pit yer ain fut on her, Captain," answered the man. "I dinna a'thegither like the notion. She'll lat oot like ony cuddy, judgin' frae her mate." But the skipper was too excited to argue, and, applying the hot iron, spit—fizzle—bang, and the piece went up, and, this time, clean overboard.

A thousand capering madmen were yelling at the top of their voices on board the Sparrowhawk; but high and shrill above even that clamor could be heard the screech from the junk at that last discharge. The fog was still thick around the latter, and the ship's sails being aback, she was making a stern board toward the enemy, to whom M'Cracken, exulting, determined to administer a *coup de grâce* immediately.

"Noo, then, a'thegither," he cried, and the old muskets and the bell-muzzled pistols roared and kicked and sent a leaden shower somewhere, while, amid an indescribable medley of yells and cheers, the defeated pirate vanished into the mist.

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Some one cried out that she had sunk. But presently the sound of her sweeps could be heard in the distance.

Then the skipper, flushed and elated with victory, snapped his fingers in the second mate's face, as he exclaimed:

"That for yer Chinese pirects, Davie M'Fhairson! Whaur's a' their muskets an' gingals an' sic-like the noo? Gin they had ony, they were ower frichted to make use o' them, I expect!" But, growing serious, "My name's nae Sandy M'Cracken gin I dinna chairge Tam Wulson two pun ten shillin',—whilk is the price o' her,—for lettin' the wee cannonie gang overboord. I telt him to keep her down wi' his feet, and he wadna."

Swatow at last; and the Sparrowhawk surrounded with a thousand sampans, whose occupants welcomed their returned friends and relatives by trying to emulate Babel.

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M'Cracken was deified. His cabin could not hold the presents that he received. Also, his grateful passengers, having set apart a day for special rejoicing and thanksgiving, returned, and, willynilly, decorated the Sparrowhawk, after the manner of their land, with banners and lanterns, and had a high old time on board.

The story of the fight ran all up and down the seaboard. Hongkong heard of it, or a version of it, and the Gazette published a long story headed in big caps: "Another Piratical Outrage—The Sparrowhawk Turns on Her Pursuer—Conspicuous Bravery of the Captain and Crew—The Pirate Beaten Off with Great Loss." Singapore heard of it, and the Straits Times followed suit with "Four Junks and Terrible Slaughter," this later term, as we shall see, being pretty near the mark as to what happened.

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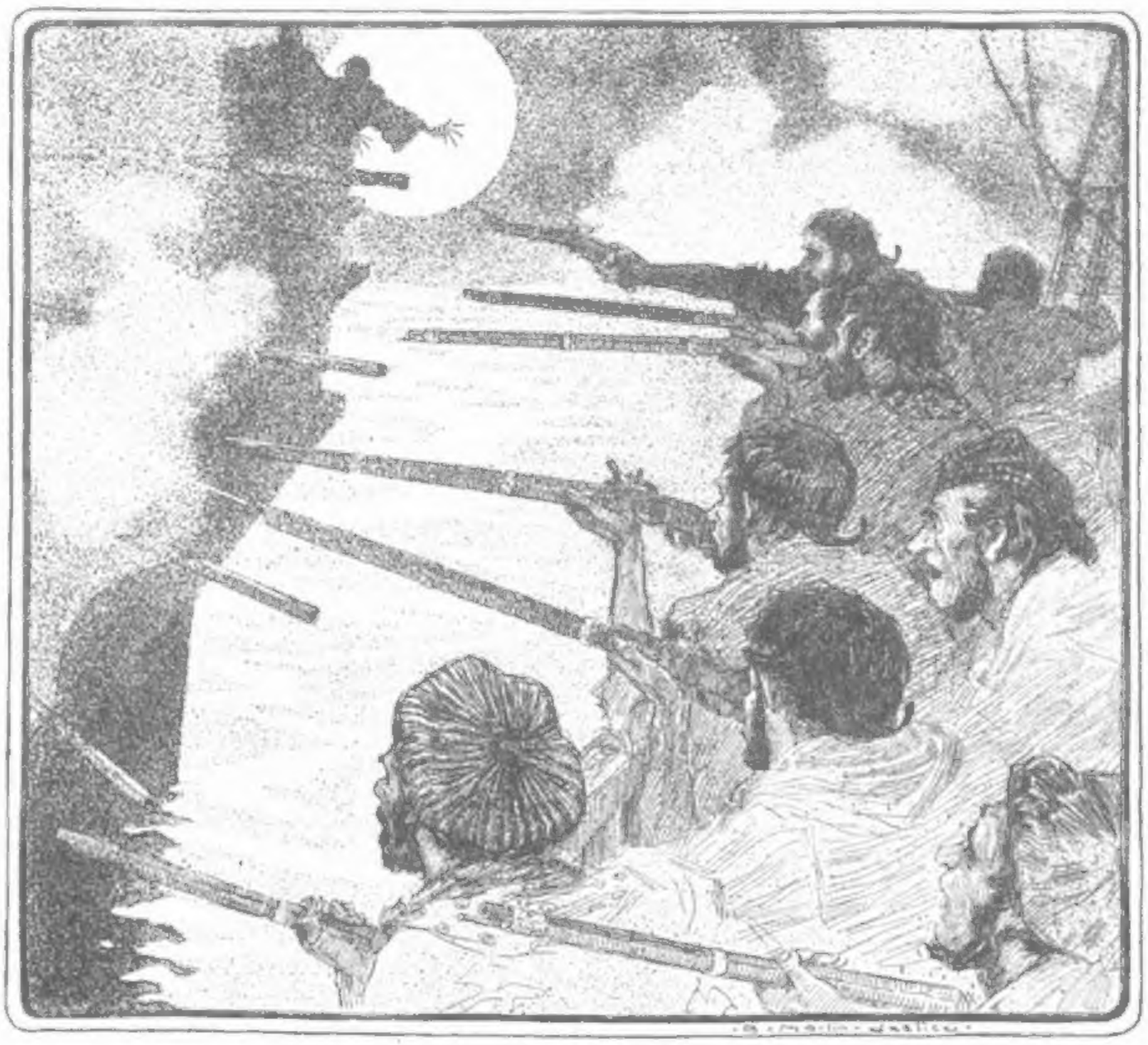
But what cripple is this that in a couple of days comes staggering up to the Swatow anchorage with her mast sails full of holes and her decks covered with scarcely dry blood, and whose crew dance and screech a wild defiance at the Sparrowhawk as she passes on to the inner harbor?

Presently, off comes a mandarin and a guard of soldiers and hales M'Cracken ashore, protesting and threatening.

The British Consul is just dead of enteric fever. There is, however, a French one, and he hears the complaint of Sum Kum On, master of the Delight of the Foaming Seas.



"NOO, THEN, A'THEGITHER!"

The tribunal is a mixed one, consisting of two mandarins and the Consul. The first witness called is Sum Kum On. He states that his vessel is a coaster, engaged mostly in the poultry trade. That, on the present trip, he left Kin Fo, a small port four days' sail from Swatow, laden with a deck cargo of ducks for the Swatow and Chee Foo markets. Had on board one passenger, a wealthy tea-grower of Honan, who, carrying many dollars, was nervous and afraid of pirates. Sighting the big vessel, the tea-grower, now in court and prepared to give evidence, prayed him (Sum Kum On) to keep close to it for protection from said pirates.

He did so. But in the calm and mist he unwittingly, and without evil intent (being, as their Highnesses could see, only a poor trader), came too near, when, to his amazement, showers of bullets and great cannon-balls tore his sails to pieces; and, but for the coops being piled high on deck, assuredly every soul must have perished.

In spite of explanations and shouts for mercy, he was repeatedly fired into, all his cargo killed, sixty new coops of the best bamboo knocked to atoms; one of his crew desperately wounded, his vessel irretrievably damaged. His claim was for five hundred dollars; and he retired, secure in the knowledge that the Heaven-Born Son of the Great Foreign Nation, who, that day, with the Twin Lights of Justice, occupied the judgment-seat, would mete out compensation with an unsparing hand.

The dealer gave evidence much to the same effect. Then the wounded sailor, whose scalp had been furrowed by a ball, ghastly with bandages and the gore which he had liberally smeared over his features, told his tale. To wind up with, the unlucky jumping cannon, pitched on to the deck of the junk, was produced as evidence of identity. Outside lay other witnesses,—hundreds of fine fat ducks, all stiff and "high."

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Around the building the fickle crowd could be heard raging for the blood of the unfortunate M'Cracken, so lately their hero. The Consul, who spoke English well, was obviously ill at ease. The two mandarins glared sourly at the poor skipper.

"I think, Captain, you'd better pay at once," said the Consul. "Evidently a most unfortunate mistake has been made; and that is the only way out of it that I can see."

"I'll see him hong'd afore I do!" exclaimed the skipper. "Five hundred dollars is a hundred pun sterlin' o' oor money! An' a' for a wheen dukes an' a crackit heid! Na, na! Tell the skirlin' fule I'll gie him fifty dollars, an' that's mair than a' his gear's worth. I'll gang to preesin suner than pay a muckle siller as he's askin'!"

Outside the "children of far Cathay" could be heard yelling louder than ever for the heart, liver and entrails of the "white devil." The Consul's face grew graver as he listened to the wounded sailor, just below the open window, haranguing the crowd.

"What's a' that claver aboot?" asked the skipper.

"They are demanding," replied the Consul, "that these gentlemen,"—indicating the mandarins,—"should have you crucified at once. And, upon my word, Captain, if you don't soon make up your mind they'll do it. I am powerless to assist you in any way beyond finding you the money demanded."

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M'Cracken turned blue. It was like parting with his life, the parting with that hundred pounds. But he could see no escape. As the Consul quickly told him, this was no question of imprisonment, but one of cash down. So he paid; and, presently, followed by a coolie carrying the little cannon, made his way to the boat between lines of grinning soldiery, over whose shoulders the rabble, derisive now, quacked itself hoarse. And among the very noisiest of them all he caught sight of his Christian passenger.

The Sparrowhawk took no freight from Swatow. She sailed for Rangoon speedily; but there it was just as bad. The joke was too good not to circulate. In every Eastern port she and her people were greeted with volleys of "quacks" by the native population both on land and water. Legions of imps, black and copper-colored, and all quacking with might and main, formed the skipper's retinue if he went ashore anywhere between Yokohama and Bombay.

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Native masters of country wallahs, lying within hail, would grin and ask him for the protection of the Sparrowhawk to their next port of call. It became unbearable. India, China and Japan seemed to turn into duck-pens at his approach.

So he took the Sparrowhawk out of those waters altogether, and shortly afterward gave up the sea. But, although there are no ducks within a mile of his house on the Aythen, there are urchins,—Scotch urchins,—and he has not perfect peace. The story is too well known to admit of such contentment.

ARTISTS WITH SPECIALTIES

PAPER No. 1

WOOLF AND HIS WAIFS

By George Henry Payne

A WELL-KNOWN artist, a man whose work has created a furor both in this country and in England, told me once that he would have given ten years of his artistic life to have done that little picture of Woolf's which is undoubtedly remembered by every one who ever saw it. It is the artist's favorite picture. It hangs in no gallery, though it deserves a fame few galleries could give, and, were it not that Mr. Woolf is so prolific, and has produced drawings so many and so good, this alone would suffice to give him the highly distinctive position among illustrators that is his. If there is not a whole tragedy in This Doll Can Say Mamma, there never was one.

An artist's opinion of another's work is valuable, but what really counts is the knowledge that in some faraway place, where no explanations or outside influences reach, the productions of the workers' pen move a human heart to sympathy. And Mr. Woolf has had this tribute, too.

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Several years ago he received a letter from a gentleman and his wife in the West, asking him if he would send the names of some of his "waifs," or else be the means himself of distributing some Christmas gifts. "We have seen your pictures, and they have moved us deeply."

And only the other day a club was started in Baltimore by some charitable young folks, who show at once their purpose and their fullness of heart in naming it the "M. Woolf Club."

It hardly seems possible that Mr. Woolf has been before the public for thirty years. State the generalities of his art and the length of his service to it, and any one would naturally suppose that, by this time, it would have reached some of the limits of originality, and have degenerated into reiteration. But whatever Mr. Woolf does to-day,—and doing it to-day it may be safely conjectured that he will do it to the end of the chapter,—has the charm of manner, the simplicity of execution, the freshness and originality that made his work famous. Drawing for weekly papers and monthlies, where each drawing is seen by the same people, is different from painting a picture that may only be seen by the purchaser, and may therefore be done over again in replica for another buyer. The illustrator cannot repeat himself in his pictures, at least not often, for at the first sign of weakness in this direction the accusation is ready: "He's played out."

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Take Mr. Woolf's chosen field and consider it carefully. How many other artists could have done as he has done,—drawn from it year after year, without becoming monotonous? This is one of the things that shows us how deeply he has gone into his work, how well he understands his "waifs," and how inexhaustible is his fund of originality.

In these days of the Fourth Estate, the illustrator, when he attains fame, can boast, indeed. He reaches where the artist who works on canvas does not, and he has a large popular audience whose critical approval may not be so important, but whose appreciation counts for more than a little in making his work permanent and in encouraging him to the end.

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At some time during the past thirty years, probably millions of people have had a passing acquaintance with the Woolf waifs, and it is doubtful if many would mistake the work of the artist for that of his imitators. When you come to think of it, this art for the millions has its reward in this way,—though it has the disadvantage that the medium between the public and the artist is perishable. He must work constantly, if at all; his reputation must be fed with a growing amount of work each year. That Woolf has never lacked inspiration shows excellent preparation for his chosen work, both on the part of Nature and the man himself.

M. A. WOOLF

Mr. Woolf's grandfather was an actor, his father was a musician and an artist, so that Michael Angelo Woolf came into the world endowed with an artistic temperament.

He began to study under his father, and continually went to the Academy of Design as a student. Not only was he a facile draughtsman, but he also had some of the humor of the caricaturists of the early part of the century,—and there was yet something distinctive about his drawing. He did some purely illustrative work for Harper's Magazine, but liked the humorous better, and he found opportunities for this in the first of the comic papers started in this country.

You cannot call the pictures that Woolf does to-day "comic." The element of comedy is there, but it is the human comedy that he is engrossed in, more than the simply humorous. His long experience has given his pictures that wonderful sympathetic quality that directly appeals to every man and woman of heart.

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Eight years on the stage, with all the trials of barn-storming, ran him through the full gamut of emotions. He saw hardship united with humor, chivalry with hunger, dignity with a pocketbook that contained but thirty-two cents; he saw,—but this is anticipating.

One afternoon I went to Woolf's studio. "I'm going to write about you," I said. "Let us talk biography." He sighed. "'And I thought you were a friend.'"

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Every one who knows Woolf will tell you the same thing. He will talk to you by the hour, but never about himself. Finally he agreed to do as I requested.

"Where shall we begin?" he asked.

"Just as far back as you can remember."

"Well," his face was but half serious; so I knew what to expect. "In the beginning God made the heavens and the earth——"

"Suppose we skip about forty-eight hundred years," I protested, "and begin about the middle of this century."

"Well, I was born in London——"

"What a shame!"

"It was rather rough, wasn't it? But I wasn't to be discouraged, so I came to this country when I was only one year old."

"Alone?"

"Not exactly. I brought my mother and father and brothers. When I reached the age of discretion it was a toss-up as to whether I would be an actor or an artist. Even the fact that I had something of a call on magazines did not keep me from thinking about the stage, and, as I had many friends among actors and managers, I was gradually drawn to the idea of giving up picture-making and having my name handed down to posterity linked with Garrick and the great actors. In 1862 my histrionic career began."

Those were the days of barn-storming. There was no theatrical syndicate to map out a gilt-edged route. The manager was elected from the company, as were the press agent and the bill posters. Woolf's first parts were very small, but he was progressive, and the company hadn't been on the road a couple of weeks before he was hailed "chief low comedian."

No extra talent was allowed to go to waste in that company, and when it became known that Woolf was an artist he was allowed to print the announcements of the troupe,—whose repertoire, by the way, consisted of everything and anything. As it was found that he had a good broad and impressionistic touch, he went about late at night, when the town in which they were to play was asleep, and pasted the hand-made bills on the sides of walls and board fences.

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We are viewing Mr. Woolf's stage experiences in their relation to, and their effect on, his subsequent art career. They had no influence whatsoever on his technique, but they had a great influence on his temperament and his knowledge of humanity. A man's life at any time is much like mathematical permuting,—if he is sensitive, and none of his experiences are lost on him, the number of permutations is great, and his character is broad accordingly. And Woolf is sensitive, and nothing in those eight years that he was on the stage has been lost. In his case, one might well say that the number of permutations is infinite.

Take some of his Christmas pictures as instances. In one that I remember, a little tot, without even enough rags to keep her warm, is standing outside a toy store window; within are all the delights of a child's wonderland, while without the midwinter wind blows the falling snow against the ill-protected little feet.

Or again,—the traditional Santa Claus, well laden, is about to mount the steps of a fashionable dwelling on Christmas Eve, but pauses to note a little gamin, who, huddled in the corner of the stoop, has fallen asleep and momentarily forgotten the cold and extreme bitterness of her existence.

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"Poor little thing, I never visit her except in her dreams."

You must not look too closely for an analogy, but it is there, and, despite his love for the stage and the years he spent on it, Woolf saw many a Christmas scene among his fellow-actors that touched him as deeply as these two pictures have touched others. Cut off, to a certain extent, from society, the actor, traveling continually, with no fixed home, could well take a cheerless view of holidays, the contrasting merriment in the homes of the town where he happened to be playing making his holiday very dull and

Published through the courtesy of "Life"

"It's a wonderful sight, eh, Susanne?"
"Won-der-ful!"
"I dunno how it is with you wimmin folks, but it makes us men feel awful insignerviffikint!"

Published through the courtesy of "Life"

Maud: "Them looks like Jimmy's legs!"
Alphonse: "Them is Jimmy's legs. W'hat was I to do? He said he'd foller our footsteps night an' day afore he'd permit us to have a clandestine meetin', so I tied his hands 'hind his back, gagged him with a bottle o' ink, and put a ice-box on his stummick. (With deep feeling) Oh, Maud, darlin', I have so much to tell yer!"

Published through the courtesy of "Judge"

HIS NATURAL BENT

Father (in high glee): "Vell, Repecka, unt vat do you t'ink ahf our Ikey now? Look ad him. He's put on mine coat unt vest to make him look like a man, unt den got dree lemons for a sign unt has shtarted a pawnbroker's shtore on der sidevalk. Mark mine vords, he'll haf der clothes off dem Christian poys' packs before dey goes away."

dreary indeed. And when this is so to-day, how much more was it in those days of barn-storming and poor pay. Woolf himself could feel this side of life with a special keenness, for he had a home where his mother and brothers gathered, and where, in imagination, he could see them joined in merriment.

It was this very thing that led him to leave the stage. After an unusually hard winter, the troupe he was playing with reached a town in Pennsylvania. There was little money to be made there, and an old shawl that Woolf wore over his shoulders was drawn very closely about him to keep out any inquisitive wind seeking to enter through the ventilations in his clothing. And Woolf was considered the "dude" of the troupe.

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With the modesty usual with theatrical managers, the company was taken to the best hotel in the town. There Woolf was met by an old acquaintance.

"'Woolf, how are you doing?'"

"'Fine—splendid!'"—drawing his shawl carefully about him to make sure that none of the defects of his apparel showed.

Published through the courtesy of "Truth"

Niobe MacGonigal (on extreme left): "If he on'y knowed wot a wretched night I passed, I wonder if he'd let me took back dem words I spoke?"

The friend eyed the actor and his hungry looking companions closely.

"'I don't think you're telling me the exact truth, Woolf. Come up to my room for a while, won't you?'

"When we got upstairs he took out what to this day seems to me the largest roll of bills I have ever seen, and threw it on the centre-table.

"'Take what you want out of that,' he said. A great big lump came up in my throat, and for a moment I could say nothing. But I would not take any of the money.

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"'You're a fool,' he said; 'sit down, and I'll play something for you.'

"I sat by the window, and I will never forget the scene. The window looked out on a graveyard, the sun had just set, and I could see bits of the still lurid sky through the trees,—and he took down his zither and played,—Home, Sweet Home. Then and there I made up my mind I had had enough of stage life."

How many of these highly strung, "hifalutin" pictures have you seen, intensely grotesque conversations held between Hortense Vaseline Debris, Reginald Overton, etc., etc., creatures whose dignity is equaled only by their rags. These, too, have their beginning in those barn-storming days.

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"Speaking of dignity," said Mr. Woolf, "I remember once, when I was playing up in New York State, I was called from my meditations to array myself in the costume of a lord, and then was obliged to stand out on the balcony of the hotel, together with all the other members of the company, and be stared at in order that the town might see just what was the quality to be offered to them. Later, just before the show, I had to hold a turnip with a candle while the band played. And all the time I was arrayed as a representative British noble, and was expected to revere the time-honored traditions of the stage."

Another time Woolf's shoes had become so bad that he went to the manager and refused to work unless a pair of new shoes were bought for him at once.

"But the leading lady says the same thing," said the manager, "and I can only buy one pair."

Woolf, of course, went without, and he wandered along Broad Street, Philadelphia, with a fine silk hat and gloves, and a pair of shoes the soles of which went "clack-clack" with every step he took.

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When Woolf got back to New York after his stage experience he again began working as an illustrator. He used to wander around the lower East Side, and there he was struck with the individuality of the gamins. He began to use them in his illustrations, himself writing the dialogue, which was a combination of a genuine dialect and speech impossible for these infants. It was not long before his work had attracted attention, and Edwin Abbey and the art students of the seventies used to refer to children they saw on the streets as "one of Woolf's kids."

"How do you get your models?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't use models. I make a tour of the East Side about once a week and carefully store up a lot of details for the coming week's work."

And Mr. Woolf is one of those who can "store up." He has the large eye of the observer, and if the eye misses anything, his mental keenness always supplies it.

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People sometimes wonder how going but once a week he has acquired his intimate knowledge of his waifs, just as people wonder that Kipling in our day, and Balzac in his, show wonderful knowledge of so many different occupations. They forget how great a part of genius is intuition.

"Do you know," said Mr. Woolf, after some talk in this vein, "that one day not long ago I got a wealth of dialect, slang and ideas, almost enough to last one a lifetime, in about five minutes.

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"I was going along one of the side streets near Grand Street, which is one of the main thoroughfares on the East Side, when I saw three or four little girls come out of a candy store. One of them had a cent's worth of candy, which she divided with all except one. That one, it seems, had been making love to the sweetheart of the possessor of the candy,—imagine it!—neither one of the children was more than nine! I saw there was murder in the air, and followed them up. After some really choice dialogue (you see the professional vein), they were about to come to blows, when I stepped in. I had them tell me the whole story,—acting as a sort of judge,—and it was decidedly stormy. They went over each other's past life in great shape, accusing one another of ribbon-stealing, hair-pulling, candy-selfishness, stuck-up-ishness, and all the other crimes on the calendar. I finally pacified them by 'blowing off' the crowd to 'broken mixed,' which is the name given to a mixture of every kind of taffy."

Few can imagine the tact necessary to interview a "waif." Let him or her imagine the interviewer is a stranger, and cold disdain or unmerciful guying will be meted out in large quantities. But once friendly feelings have been established, they last, and Mr. Woolf has watched many a "waif" grow and grow, until they were beyond the sorrows and joys of waifdom and the artist's assistance.

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Even in the early days there was distinction in Woolf's work. His drawing then was not what it is to-day, in that it was not as facile or as simple, but even then he was working in the manner of Cruikshank, a manner that to-day lends an additional distinction to his work. Some of his friends suggested that he ought to study color, and he went to Munich and afterward to Paris, where he studied under Edouard Frere. He was a conscientious student, and, though few know of it, his ambition is to paint in oils a picture of which he has already made a sketch. It is a striking composition, and, if it is ever carried out, would make a more than interesting painting.

The success of Woolf's waifs lies in their wonderfully sympathetic treatment. Like all true humorists, the artist is quick to see the pathetic side of life among the lower classes, and quick to feel the suffering and deprivations which they are forced to endure; indeed, his delicacy at times is positive genius. Sharpened into brightness by the struggle for existence, his waifs are not impossible, although he has in his out-and-out comic pictures made them seem so. That his imitators, and really clever ones at that, have failed to satisfy the public with these waifs is the sign-mark of Woolf's genius.

Published through the courtesy of "Truth"

"Say, mister, don't yer want to fight dogs?"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article on Woolf and His Waifs, by George Henry Payne, is the first paper in the POST'S series of Artists With Specialties. The next paper will deal with Brown and His Bootblacks.

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Boy (on extreme right of picture, to sister): "Wot have yer did wid de pennies wot I gin' yer to save fer de ice cream?"
Sister: "Ow—boo—hoo—hoo—I put 'em in me mout' fer safety, and I've swallered 'em. Boo—hoo—hoo!"

WIT OF THE CHILDREN

LEARNING BY DEGREES.—A little boy complained that his sister had purposely pushed him, which she denied. Her father, taking her aside, said: "Now, Abbie, don't you go to Sunday-school, and don't they teach you that it is wrong to tell lies?" "We haven't got so far as that," she interrupted.

AN ENTERTAINING YOUNG HOSTESS.—"Minnie has been in to see me to-day," said a little five-year-old, "and she behaved like a lady." "And I hope you did, too," said her mother. "Yes, indeed, I did; I turned somersets for her on the bed."

PENT-UP GRIEF.—"What's the matter with Mollie?" asked Colonel Yerger of his little six-year-old daughter. "Pa, my little mocking bird is dead." "Well, never mind, Mollie, I'll buy you another one." "I am calm enough now, pa, but when I first saw the poor little bird I could have cried like a child," said Mollie.

REASONING BY ANALOGY.—Little James had been imparting to the minister the important and cheerful information that his father had got a new set of false teeth. "Indeed, James?" replied the minister indulgently. "And what will he do with the old set?" "Oh, I suppose," replied little James, with a look of resignation on his face, "they'll cut 'em down and make me wear 'em."

OVERCOMING TEMPTATION.—A lady who was giving the finishing touches to a table spread for a dinner party heard the patter of naked feet upon the stairs. Surmising that her little daughter was probably bent upon plundering the dessert, she hid herself behind the window curtains and watched proceedings. The child, in her nightdress, came into the room, climbed upon a chair, helped herself deliberately to a fine peach, and went off with her booty. The mother felt very sad, and began to consider how she should punish her little girl. Presently she again heard the same patter of feet, and hid herself as before. The child clambered into the chair, replaced the fruit, triumphantly ejaculating: "That's one for you, Mr. Devil!" and trotted off to bed.

THEY KNEW HIM.—It was in Sunday-school, and the young lady had asked the boys: "Who made the sun and moon stand still?" One youngster, of course, said Moses. Some other boy said Aaron, and several other names were suggested. Finally the teacher said blandly: "What's the matter with Joshua?" "Oh! He's all right," yelled the boys.

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He: "Hortense Vaseline Debris, from this hour henceforward forth we ain't to each other what we was a week ago. I brand yer as a fast un' a croquette."
She (haughtily): "As you please, Reginald Overton. There are others."

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The Confessions of a Vocabulary

THE delay in the final settlement of peace between the United States and Spain was largely a matter of the interpretation of words. The Christian religion has been split into hundreds of sects because of different meanings attached to special words. In the old Bible days, on one occasion, 42,000 persons were killed because they could not pronounce a certain word.

Words have had a vital part to play in the history of the world. The progress of civilization, the growth and development of mankind finds no surer index than in the number of its words. The pulse of the nation is its vocabulary. The language with the largest vocabulary must necessarily belong to the most civilized, the most developed, the most advanced, the most progressive of all the nations. To-day, that language is,—English. It is not merely the number of words, but their individual character that counts. What is true of the nation is equally true of the individual.

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The sum of any man's words constitutes his life; they tell his story far more relentlessly than he knows. Some of the world's great naturalists have been able, from a few bones, to "reconstruct" an extinct mammoth no man living had ever seen. In somewhat the same spirit, were it possible to have all the words any one individual has uttered, it would be possible to "reconstruct" his life with marvelous accuracy. All that would be required would be each word written on a separate slip of paper with its date,—not the calendar year, but the year of age. There would be no clue whatever from the sequence of words as in ordinary conversation, for this sequence would, of course, have been destroyed. We know absolutely nothing about the identity of the individual under examination, neither sex, nationality, or period of existence; let us now "reconstruct" him.

The first step is to arrange this vocabularic confession chronologically, under the ten parts of speech, thus bringing all nouns, all adjectives, all adverbs, etc., in separate classes. The merest casual glance through the vocabulary would show by the presence of certain words, as "telephone," "millionaire," etc., that the time must be fixed as the nineteenth century; the year of birth could readily be traced back from some great event.

The words "Centennial," "Philadelphia," "exhibit," "Fairmount," and a dozen similar words constantly reiterated, with other corroborative testimony, would "fix" the year of that part of the vocabulary as 1876. If this were the thirty-first year of the life of the individual as indicated on the slips, it is simply a matter of subtraction to discover his birth date as 1845.

The sex would be easily determined by the names of articles of dress. The nationality would be deduced from the earliest words. The death of a parent or the temporary or the permanent separation of the child from either parent would be revealed by the dropping of the name from the vocabulary. The brightness or dullness of the child would be readily determined by its use of certain words; its early training, its environment, its dawning tendencies, its characteristics, would be revealed. Where and under what conditions each year was spent would be told unmistakably.

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The most interesting part of the study would be the years of young manhood or womanhood. When the vocabulary of girls' names oft reiterated is reduced to one, and that one, begun with the formal prefix "Miss," soon is lost in a Christian name, later running through the gamut of lovers' paraphrases, it requires no Sherlock Holmes to tell the individual's precise condition. He cannot deceive the verbal thermometer.

The words "invitations," "dress suit," "wedding," "minister," "church," "bride," etc., tell the story of some one seeking happiness for life. Is it the owner of the vocabulary himself who is to be married, or is he merely a guest at the happiness of another? His vocabulary will confess even this. If the whole character of his words changes, words of business dropped for a time and words of travel substituted, expressions of affection increased in number, rest assured that he is passing through his own honeymoon. The increase in "furniture" words will tell the story of his starting housekeeping. Is he a good, tender, loving husband?—listen to his vocabulary.

His business, his friends, his successes, his failures, his religious beliefs, his financial condition, his standing in society, his ambitions, his possessions are all confessed by his vocabulary. He uses the words "bushels," "wheat," "corn," day after day, so we see, in his twenty-fifth year. Is he a farmer, a commission merchant, or a speculator? The absence of the words "farm," "plough," "cattle," and similar words disprove the farmer hypothesis. The absence of "per cent.," "office," "bookkeeper," "bills," "statements," etc., prove he does not do business on commission. The words "ticker," "stock," "shares," "sugar," "B" and "O," "margin," and other repetitions of initials tell the story of the speculator. Was he successful on a given day? If you would discover, look at the list of his interjections; if they are high in color and low in morality, the market went against him. Searching among his words of eatables and drinkables for that day may reveal something.

Is he quick-tempered?—study his adverbs and his interjections; here is where he keeps his verbal explosives. Is he keen in his discrimination, fine in his mind?—study his nouns and his adjectives. Is he degenerating, or improving?—a study of any class of his words, comparatively, qualitatively and quantitatively, will tell you. What were the saddest, the gladdest, the most ambitious, the richest, the gayest, the most sombre, the loneliest, the darkest years of his life?—his vocabulary will confess it if you but listen with care. Is he leading a dual life?—compare his words carefully for a few special days and they will reveal it.

In this revelation through a vocabulary the careful student will make quite as wonderful discoveries from the negative side as from the positive, from the words a man leaves unspoken as from those he utters. The danger of snap-shot deductions is lessened, and almost eliminated, by careful comparisons. The possible fineness, relentlessness and completeness of the "reconstructed" biography in the hands of one keenly analytic surpasses belief. Every spoken word is a confession. Judging the individual from the sum of all his acts would give but a dim, hazy, distorted picture of the individual as compared with "the confessions of his vocabulary." —THE EDITOR.

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A Millenium for the Animals

FROM time to time very interesting stories reach us of the amiable condition of the wild animals in the Yellowstone National Park, where the strictest regulations prohibit the killing of any living thing. This wild and beautiful domain is said to be the one spot on the continent where the beasts of the field and the birds of the air are no longer afraid of man; where, indeed, that most felonious of all predatory cattle, the gray wolf, with an amiable wag of his tail, stands by the roadside and watches the coaching party go by, and the brown bears come down to the hotels at night to be fed.

So marked has this millenial bit of animated Nature become, that it has attracted the attention of philosophers no less than of tourists, and the question is being asked if man might not have subjugated the whole animal kingdom long ago had he only adopted the law of love instead of giving way to his destructive nature. There is something almost penitential in his establishment of this peaceful Eden, after having exterminated the bison and driven the grouse from the face of the earth, and the Yellowstone Park is growing to be a monument to his own reproaches.

Practically, it is something more than that. It is a beautiful evidence of the growing disposition of humanity to treat dumb animals with consideration. We have been very late about it, but it is none the less valuable on that account.

It is only a large and benign philosophy which invites the friendship and the confidence of the brute creation, and, although man can only afford to be magnanimous to the wildest animals after he has consummated his mastery over them, there is something fine and generous in the contrast which the United States offers to the rest of the world in inclosing a special domain, not for Princes to kill in and not for the bateau of the sportsman, but to enable the lion to lie down with the lamb, if he only will, and where in time a little child may go and lead them. —NYM CRINKLE.

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Side-Show Phases of Advertising

"THE success of any article of merchandise, any publication, any movement, depends entirely upon the manner in which it is given publicity. Its fate is ever in the hands of the advertising agent." So said a prominent advertising expert recently.

This statement, although made by one who ought to know, is too sweeping to be accepted. No amount of advertising can insure the permanent success or universal acceptance of an article or a publication which has no merit of its own. False claims, lying advertisements, trick trading, indeed, will meet with a degree of temporary success. The youngster in front of a side-show tent gazes wonderingly on the gaudily painted canvases announcing unusual attractions, but once his admission is paid he finds that the "fat lady" is not so very large, and "the terrible, man-crushing boa constrictor" is only stuffed. The showman has the boy's money, but not his goodwill nor his permanent trade.

There are enough foolish people in this world to make business side-shows pay for a time, but the success of any business, any publication, must be based on intrinsic worth. The flaring poster, the catchy advertisement, the cleverly worded notice may attract attention to a worthless article, but will never hold it.

Advertising has of late years grown to be more than a science,—it has become an art. The men who follow this line of activity study human nature, know color effects, appreciate the value of word-painting. And the public is willing to do its share. Properly-placed and well-worded advertisements bring in hosts of replies. A recent advertisement that cost $5000 brought in $50,000 worth of business.

The advertising agent does, indeed, occupy a large sphere of usefulness; we have come to such a stage in our development that this factor in the business world is indispensable. The advertisement is everywhere; it is unescapable. It greets us in the street cars; our magazines yield it the lion's share of space; the beauties of Nature are defaced to deliver its message. It makes possible our penny dailies; it is a great factor in the support of our high-grade publications. But there is, or should be, a moral code for the advertiser. Honest methods are the only safe methods.

The business firm or publishing house whose foundation is not honesty,—fair profits, reasonable prices, square treatment,—is doomed to ultimate failure. Not many years ago storekeepers strove only for the trade of the transient customer. Exchange of unsatisfactory goods was unknown; refunding money was unheard of. The merchant laid all the stress on getting the customer, none on keeping him. At this day special inducements are made to win the confidence of the timid or doubting customer or reader. Samples of goods or sample copies of periodicals are sent out, and the store or publishing house guarantees that the quality will be "up" to sample.

The world has reached a high plane in business dealings. The self-respecting business man or publisher lets nothing leave his establishment that is not as represented. So far as he can make it, the goods or the publication is absolutely "the best value for the money." In merchandise there is more chance for adulteration and deception than in literature. Goods may look well and wear poorly. But the quality of a publication is apparent at a glance.

Periodical literature is multiplying endlessly, and the paper which is intrinsically good is receiving its share of support proportionately as the people know of its existence and the quality of its material. It is not a question of the passing of the monthly, the weekly, or the daily. It is but the inevitable rule of the survival of the fittest. In the long run, public taste is not at fault. It recognizes the good in literature; it expresses recognition by practical support.

The public is getting away from the glamour of great names. In its reading matter, as in its merchandise, it demands quality, and that paper which can give the best quality at the cheapest price will certainly win. The success will be all the quicker, to be sure, when, joined with worth, there is judicious and artistic publicity. That is the ideal combination which is bound to result in permanent success. But to declare that mere advertising claims without worth to back them will insure lasting success for anything is to put a premium on lying. If this were true, then the biggest advertising fraud would make the greatest success. The public that begins by doubting part soon disbelieves the whole. A customer fooled is a customer lost. It might have been true in Barnum's time that the American people like to be humbugged, but America is fast outgrowing that childish failing. —EDGAR SMILEY NASH.

* * *

Young Men the Strength of the Nation

AMERICA is spoken of as the New World, and our nation is called young. We may accept the qualifying word with all that it implies, knowing that to be youthful is to be as near happiness as a person or a people can ever approach. Montaigne, the cleverest intellect of his time, writing three centuries ago of young people, said: "It is Nature that speaks first; her voice is then purer and simpler"; and two thousand years before that Plato had declared genuine happiness to be "a sudden and wise going back to Nature."

Youth is strength, as the science of athletics is every day demonstrating. Between the ages of eighteen and thirty the man is most powerful from head to foot. Doubtless a nation that is young, brimming with the lustiness of early vigor, is to be admired, rather than made light of, even to be feared by older ones, when it begins to put forth its power; for behind every move of youth there is an enthusiasm which is apt to be irresistible. History everywhere projects the fact that sudden and world-shaking conquests have usually been the work of early national prime; rarely of a Government old enough to be considered venerably ancient.

We have just surprised the world by destroying Spain, as it were, by a single bullet. Turn to what our wisest editors were saying in the early months of this year, and you will see that they thought Spain's fleet probably a little more than a match for ours; and Spain really had in Cuba an Army four times as large as our regular forces. But what happened? It was scarcely a war. Whatever we struck went down. It was adolescence against senility; we surprised ourselves as much as we startled the world. Nature spoke at Manila, at Santiago, on sea and on land, and her voice had the invincible courage, the imperious superiority and momentum of youth, by which all great national achievements have been performed since the days of Alexander.

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This superb quality of youth lays upon its possessors the gravest responsibility, as well as the richest joy of life. Physiologists know that muscle once made is made to the end of a man's days; the octogenarian who was an athlete at twenty is powerful still; for he would have died early had he abused his physique. The young and masterful nation, once trained to full vigor, will be vigorous always, provided it does not abuse its strength. It cannot abuse its strength if its young men are true to themselves and to the opportunities offered by an incomparably splendid age like ours. Emerson said: "Knowledge is the antidote of fear." We must know ourselves. We must trust ourselves, our Government, our destiny; anything short of this is not patriotism; it is cowardice.

The only safety for a man or a nation is courage in conscientious action down the whole line of duty, and there can be no sense of national duty without enthusiastic patriotism and perfect confidence in national integrity. We grow like what we contemplate; our political, social, moral and physical condition will be the result of aspiration realized through that chemistry which supremely refines or hopelessly debases life and its significance in the individual or in the people. The moment we begin to doubt the sufficiency or the integrity of our form of Government, or the righteousness of its aspirations, we should feel our pulse and count its beats; for youth never doubts; health never suggests failure. Keep the blood pure, the nerves healthy, the muscles vitalized, then you are a perfect unit of power; then you are always young; then you rely upon yourself, trust your country, and believe in the honor and efficacy of its Government. Virile men make and maintain a virile civilization.

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There is no hope for the nation whose young men are not conscientious, working citizens and active patriots. The young men in time of peace set the pace for a generation; in time of war they bear the banners, blow the trumpets, fire the guns, storm the heights, go to death as to a sumptuous banquet. Age is wise and good when it is sound, but even in its wisdom and goodness there is the inevitable lack of optimistic faith which too often causes disastrous hesitation.

At this moment there is an imperative call for thoughtful, earnest, courageous and conscientious patriotism on the part of our young men. All eyes can see that our country is at the moment of trial. Our ship of State is entering a new and wonderful sea. It is our duty to man her with honor, courage and faith, set her glorious sails full to the breeze, and, as her prow takes the billows, shout a friendly greeting to all the world. —MAURICE THOMPSON.

EDITOR'S NOTE—On the editorial page of the POST there may sometimes be advanced views and theories which may come to our readers with a sense of novelty. Under the title "Letters from Correspondents" will be given space in each issue for the full expression of individual opinion, criticism, question and discussion of the editorials. Letters should be limited to two hundred words.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

Hearing Both Sides of the Money Standard Question

The passing of the heat of the elections affords an opportunity for a dispassionate view of the monetary prospects of the country. According to William J. Bryan, who is still esteemed by a large following, the Chicago platform of 1896 will be reaffirmed in 1900.

Substantially the same view is held by the National Sound Money League, which has declared that "the fight against cheap money must be kept up for two years more." The League favors an extra session of Congress to settle the money question by the enactment of the gold standard into a statute.

Concerning the fate of the question in the next Congress, it may be said without partisan bias that the indications are strong that both Houses will have at least a clear working majority for Sound Money. Friends of the gold standard and currency reform already have great hopes of the Senate of March next, and, considering the political status of the States that elect Senators this winter, assert that the sound money principle cannot be disturbed for six years to come.

The Political Side of a Sea Trip of the Empress

The German Imperial return from the Holy Land was given an undue significance because a stoppage was proposed at Cadiz and Cartagena at the moment the work of the Peace Commission in Paris was believed to have reached its most critical stage.

Official assurances to the United States Government, that the visit of the Imperial party to Spain was simply to give the Empress a rest in the long sea trip, and the express declaration of the Emperor that he should travel incognito, and decline all official recognition, were offset by reports from Spain that the Queen Regent had urged the Emperor to visit Madrid to advise with her on the Philippine situation.

Some color was apparently given to the belief that the Queen Regent was anxious that the German Emperor should undertake the arbitration of the Philippine question, by the subsequent plea of the Spanish Peace Commissioners that the Philippine article in the protocol be submitted to a third party for construction, a course inadmissible by the American Commissioners. At the last moment the Emperor decided to avoid all cause of friction by returning overland.

An Early Attack on the Central American Republic

The POST has several times expressed a doubt of the possibility of reconciling the conflicting interests of the five Central American Republics sufficiently to guarantee the stability of the Greater Republic scheme.

A coalition of Nicaragua, San Salvador and Honduras made possible the establishment of the Greater Republic of Central America on November 1, but in less than a fortnight revolution broke out in San Salvador and the local President was taken prisoner.

The revolt, unlike those common to Central America, was not a result of dissatisfaction with the President personally. It was a forceful protest inaugurated by the Conservative party against the entrance of San Salvador into the Greater Republic.

Under the next compact Nicaragua and Honduras must sustain the position of San Salvador, whose revolutionists would have little difficulty in winning the sympathy of Guatemala and Costa Rica, and thus be able to arraign three States against two.

Disputing a Boundary for Nearly Ninety Years

Argentina and Chile have been disputing the boundary line between them since 1810, when, as colonial districts, they cut loose from Spain and organized themselves into Republics. It was then mutually agreed that the provinces of San Juan and Mendoza should belong to Argentina; Patagonia, being considered worthless, was not claimed by either Republic.

In 1843 Chile proclaimed her sovereignty over the entire region of the Straits of Magellan, and Argentina did nothing but protest mildly. In 1877 the convicts at the Chilean penal settlement at Port Famine revolted and fled to Argentine territory. Chile did not reestablish her penitentiary, but formed a colony at Punta Arenas, which became an important commercial port.

Although both countries in 1856 agreed by treaty to recognize the limits as they existed in 1810, they united in treaties in 1878, 1881 and 1896 for the delimitation of the frontier, the last one providing for arbitration by Queen Victoria. Under the last one Argentina wanted arbitration according to its own views of the matter, while Chile was anxious for a complete and final settlement. As a result, no real progress has yet been made, and now Chile has demanded of Argentina the acceptance of the principle of unrestricted arbitration.

"Open Door" Alliance of America, England, Germany and Japan

Joseph Chamberlain, fresh from his trip to the United States, has made, in London, another of those political speeches that have the immediate effect of stirring up all Europe. This time he dealt more particularly with the peaceful subject of commerce.

Quite in line with the position of the POST he attached but little importance to alliances on paper, and had been taught by experience that a better guarantee was needed to secure the policy of the "open door" in commerce. He deemed the best security to be the desire of other nations than Great Britain to preserve an open door.

Regarding the contention that Great Britain ought to have an agreement with Russia, he gave a preference to the United States, Germany and Japan, whose commercial interests were identical with those of Great Britain, and with whom British relations "are now closer and more cordial than they have been for some time."

An understanding between the seventy million people of the United States and the fifty million Britons "would guarantee peace and civilization to the world."

The Trade Conditions of Asia and South America

While our citizens are displaying much interest in the share of the great Asiatic commerce that we may some time acquire, a comparative statement, by Consul Horace N. Fisher, of the present commercial importance of Asia and South America, will open many eyes to conditions seldom considered.

> The Latin American West Indies traded to the extent of $106,742,783 against $272,112,112 for the European East Indies, the Philippines included. The grand totals show a commerce of $2,281,622,222 for Latin America, exclusive of the European West Indies, and $1,761,256,858 for India, China, Japan and the East Indies, exclusive of the transit trade of Hongkong and Singapore.

It will surprise many to be assured that the commerce of Chile is just about as large as that of Japan, and the commerce of Argentina is nearly equal to that of China. The inference of Consul Fisher's statement is that South America,—and the POST would add Mexico,—presents to the United States a field fully as inviting and desirable as the far East, and one, too, capable of quicker, cheaper, and more appreciable development.

A Searchlight Turned on Present Cuban Conditions

The report of Robert P. Porter, who was sent by the United States Government to Cuba and Porto Rico to investigate the financial and economic conditions of those islands, gives to the world the first clear exposition it has probably ever had of the objects of his mission.

His data, including categorical statements by several hundred persons, will prove invaluable not only to the Government, but to all persons who may seek business relations with the islands. The parts of the report relating to the revenue of Cuba have a large immediate interest.

Mr. Porter submitted a new tariff system, under which duties would be reduced about sixty per cent., and would average fully two-thirds less than the rates under Spanish rule. With the cutting off of Spanish official cupidity and rapacity, American officials would be able to collect as much revenue under the reduced rates as the old rates yielded. The saving in expenditures by the termination of Spanish administration was estimated at about $30,000,000 annually.

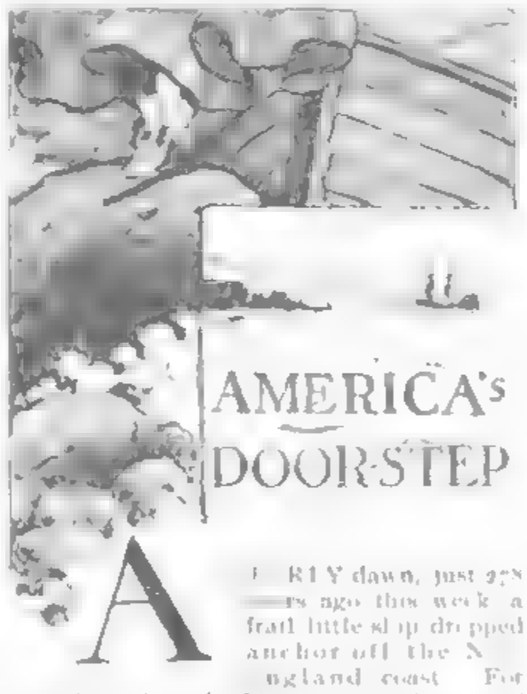
The abolition of several items of taxation is recommended, and the opinion expressed that general and complete sanitation must precede effective industrial development.

Shouting War to Secure Domestic Peace

In the affairs of nations, as of men, business concerns generally dominate all other interests. During the last three years France sold to England an average of more than twenty-seven per cent. of what she sold to all countries, and bought from her a little over fourteen per cent. of her purchases everywhere.

While the exports of France to other countries have been decreasing, her exports to England have been increasing. Last year England bought over thirty-two per cent. of the entire French exports, and France bought of England only one-eighth of her total imports.

These facts constitute the strongest argument for the preservation of peace between the two countries, and make it evident that the show of French resentment on account of the Anglo-Egyptian success in the Soudan was worked up to act as a counter irritant to serious domestic conditions.



AMERICA'S DOOR-STEP

EARLY dawn, just 278 years ago this week, a frail little sloop dropped anchor off the New England coast. For sixty-three days the Mayflower, with its load of one hundred passengers, had been sailing toward the New World. The terrors of the Atlantic were passed, but what dangers lay ahead the little band of colonists knew not. Behind them were friends and home; before them a great unknown. Certainly the welcome offered them by the shore was not inviting. There was no landing place. The only apparent way to reach the land was to wade ashore. Death had taken four of their number, and for the women to walk through the icy surf would only endanger more lives.

Several of the sturdier men set out in the ship's boat to find a more favorable landing place. At last a granite boulder, itself a stranger on those shores, borne thither on a sheet of ice, was seen raising its head above the waves and affording a stepping stone to the shore. The men returned to the waiting ship and reported. Then, after a brief period of prayer and thanksgiving, the first load of colonists set out. The first to set foot on this rock was a woman, Mary Chilton,—an omen, perhaps, of woman's preeminence in America.

In recording the landing of the Pilgrims, an early historian notes that "for miles along that shore but one rock was to be seen, and that was a seemly boulder, itself a travel-worn pilgrim from some far off northland. It weighed, perhaps, half a dozen tons and its irregular top surface offered a convenient landing place. In him and prehistoric ages Forefather's (Plymouth) Rock had been left from its parent ledge by icy Nature, wrapped in the chill embrace of some mighty floe or berg of the glacial epoch, it had been slowly borne for centuries over mountains and valleys, until, guided by the Divine Hand it found at last a resting place between land and water, where no future storm was to be so greatly needed.

Before leaving the cabin of the Mayflower the colonists had drawn up a scheme of government for their little community, so that on that bleak December day the elements of a new nation which was to demonstrate to the world the dignity of liberty passed over America's doorstep.

In 1774 this famous rock was raised from its bed, but in the act it was broken.

On July 4, 1834, a portion of it was again removed and placed in front of Pilgrim Hall. On this were cut the names of the forty-one signers of the compact which had been drawn up in the cabin of the Mayflower. This section of the boulder was surrounded by an iron railing to protect it from the desecrating hand of the souvenir seeker. Later this piece of the historic rock was united with the larger piece, which rested under a granite canopy, supported by four columns; at the top of this structure are the bones of the original settlers, which were found buried on Cole's Hill. Not far away are the graves of Carver and Bradford, and some of the stones of the watch tower built in 1643, are still standing.

New England abounds in places made sacred by the sufferings and death of the sturdy builders of our nation, but no relic in the country can equal in popular interest and veneration the granite boulder on whose kindly shoulder stepped the Pilgrim Fathers.

Where the World Obtains its Gold and Silver

According to the annual report of George E. Roberts, Director of the Mint, on the production of the precious metals in the calendar year 1897, the world's output of gold was considerably in excess of that of the previous year, and the output of silver was the largest on record.

The aggregate production of gold had a value of $237,504,800, and the silver production a coinage value of $236,730,300.

The leading gold countries were the South African Republic, $57,643,861; the United States, $57,363,000; Australasia, $55,084,182; and Russia, $24,248,703,—a large increase in each case. In silver, Mexico held first place with a production valued at $70,693,000. The United States followed closely with $69,657,000.

The world's consumption of gold and silver in the industrial arts represented the values of $50,005,080 and $19,446,577 respectively, and of these totals the United States was credited with $11,870,231 in gold and $11,201,130 in silver.

PLYMOUTH ROCK TO-DAY

HAROLD FREDERIC THE AUTHOR OF THE MARKET-PLACE

By Robert Barr

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF MR. FREDERIC
SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH

I HAD the pleasure of reading The Market Place, in the typewritten manuscript, some fourteen miles or thereabout from the greatest market place in the world,—London. Not an echo of the [illegible] came to me as I sat in an American rocking chair under the trees of the [illegible] garden, with the manuscript of the novel on a light wicker table beside me.

Frederic's country house stood in ample grounds of its own, so completely embowered in foliage that it was almost impossible to catch a glimpse of the dwelling from the unfrequented by road on which the place fronted. The lane left the main road from London to Brighton perhaps five hundred yards from this house, and wandered crookedly, as if it had lost its way in the woods. The Brighton road has no such indecision, for it is an old coaching thoroughfare, and makes broadly and directly to the sea, marked off into lengths by huge square milestones with the distance to London carved in Roman numerals,—and rightly so, for it was once an important Roman highway.

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The house is a square, serviceable, unpicturesque, two storied structure, situated in a Surrey garden that is a paradise of blossoms and green lawn, for the novelist was passionately fond of flowers, and an expert in the culture and budding of roses. His knowledge of botany was something amazing, as indeed was his knowledge of almost every other subject that could arise in ordinary conversation.

I imagine that Lord Macaulay, with all his erudition, would have been compelled to give way before the encyclopedic learning of Harold Frederic, for besides his store of information Harold had a strenuous method of argument, and beat [illegible]ppression as if with the club of Hercules.

As everybody is more or less of a writer in these days of numberless and cheap publications, I think there is nothing more interesting than the methods by which a celebrated author produces a great book. To be shown how it is done is like getting behind the scenes of a theatre or visiting the workshop of a magician. We may not be able to do the trick, even after seeing the process of preparation, but at least we may be able to pick up some points that are worth thinking about.

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First there comes to a man the germ of a story. It may be a hint picked up in reading, it may be a chance remark let fall in conversation, it may be a thought that occurs when a man is in a train or on a tramp, but like the downy floating seed it lodges in the brain and grows. The little peach in the orchard of the song that grew and grew and grew, was a laggard when compared with the increase in size of an idea once it begins to sprout.

Here is the germ of the novel Harold Frederic intended to write when The Market Place was completed, and I give it as nearly as possible in his own words, as declaimed to me in his library. The reader will imagine this declaration interspersed with expletives, not necessary here to repeat, for his conversation was usually garnished with decorative phrases which added emphasis to all he said.

"I've got a corking idea for [illegible]," he cried, bringing down his fist on the table with a vehemence that made the room tremble. "You see, my roots go back into Germany; the name 'Frederick' shows that. My ancestor came over to America during the Revolutionary War, a Hessian in the employ of Great Britain,—a hired man as it were, of war. He shot for pay, and not for patriotism.

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I can imagine him a big swaggering bully, who didn't give a hang for either side as long as he got his money and enough to eat and drink. Then look at his position, it's unique in history. Here are the Americans fighting for liberty, with all the stubborn courage and carelessness of privation which that belief calls forth; here are the British, equally honest and determined in the faith that they are putting down disloyalty, a rebellion against King and country, then here is our hired man, who despises both sides, who would as soon shoot an Englishman as an American, taking equal pleasure from either act, who looks upon both as the same brand of fool, who doesn't know and doesn't want to know, what they are fighting about.

All the books that have hitherto been written on that struggle are partisan, either British or American, and, so far as they are partisan, are valueless. I propose to write a book from the point of view of that hired man. I shall clear my mind of all sympathy with America, and all prejudice against Great Britain. I shall turn back the clock a century, and be that hired man while I write. I shall give an impartial account of the incidents I take part in, but have no particular interest in, not caring a Continental which side licks, and give my views of these two sets of idiots, speaking the same language and industriously cutting each other's throats, both alike foreigners to me.

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But if the American question is indifferent to me, the American girl isn't, and so I shall become acquainted with one during the campaign, marry her, and settle down in America as my ancestor did. How does that strike you as the outline of a story?

It seemed to me then and does now that the germ contained great possibilities in the hands of a man like Frederic, and it is a loss to the literature of the world that he did not live to develop it.

Having the germ of his story, Frederic set to work at it with an industry that was marvelous in a man of his temperament, for he was one in whom impatience appeared a predominant characteristic. On Saturdays afternoons he was always to be found in the smoking room of the National Liberal Club writing his cablegram to the New [illegible] Times, and when a group near him got [illegible] what noise in a discussion, I have known Frederic suddenly to loom up [illegible] and with a wave of his hand demolish both sides of the argument, crush down opposition like a steam roller, give his deliberate opinion that none of the speakers knew in the least what he was talking about, prove this statement conclusively, then return calmly to his desk and go on with his special work, leaving dense silence behind him.

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It was not that their noise disturbed him at all, for the newspaper habit was so strong in him that he could have worked impassively in the din of a machine shop, but merely because some unoccupied portion of his brain caught the threads of their discourse, and being ever a fighter, he had to spring into the [illegible] with swift and disastrous consequences [illegible] were already there.

This habit did not tend to increase his popularity among those who were but slightly acquainted with him, but it was always a source of joy to his friends, and it made the smoking room worth living in. It is strange that one so impulsive, emphatic and strenuous as Frederic was should have been capable also of downright constant, hard, grinding work, but such was the case. He had the genius for taking infinite pains. He would read carefully, ploddingly, every book he could find that bore on the subject in hand, filling note books with his fine, legible handwriting, setting down with scrupulous exactitude those observations or extracts that he wished to consult later. Then he tramped carefully over the ground that was to be the scene of the story.

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While writing The Return of the O'Mahony he took a house near Bantry Bay, in Ireland, and lived there. He could thus go out and talk with his characters any time he liked. His characters were always very real to him, as, indeed, they are to any novelist who is worth his salt.

When I was reading The Market Place in Frederic's back garden he came out of his greenhouse, dressed in knickerbockers,—a costume he always wore at home and often in town as well,—and began telling me of the results he hoped to attain in some new blend of roses. While he talked I wrote a little list and handed it to him. It contained Home Rule, The Budding of Roses; Who Shall be the Next Pope? Amateur Photography; The Relations Between England and America; The Culture of Chrysanthemums, Lord Salisbury's Foreign Policy; The Proper Use of the Chafing-Dish; The Reviving of Irish Industries; The Dreyfus Case; The Future of the Liberal Party; How to Cook Mushrooms; The Silver Question and The Correct Method of Making a Welsh Rarebit. I give this list because it shows you what you might be expected to cover in an hour's conversation with this many-sided novelist.

"What's all this?" asked Frederic.

"Those are the things I am not interested in until I have finished your novel. Most of them will keep."

"Oh, I see. You don't want to be interrupted, and haven't the courage to say so. Well, you just wait a minute until I get you fully equipped, and then you can go ahead."

Saying this he ran to the house and came out in a few moments with what looked like a poster not yet pasted up on the walls.

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"There," he said, throwing it down on the table beside me; "that will help you to understand the story as you go along."

"What's all this?" I asked, echoing his own words as I unfolded the broad sheet. It was a most complicated assortment of writing and drawing, with long horizontal lines having short perpendicular pen strokes depending from them, and names hung on to the ends of these, like clothes on a hook. It resembled one of those tables which we find in histories of England explaining the descent of the Royal house.

"That's the genealogical tree of all the characters in The Market Place."

"Good gracious!" I cried. "How can people who don't exist have genealogical trees, or ancestors, or anything of that sort?"

"They don't exist! Who don't exist? Thunder! They exist quite as much as my grocer does, and you would think he existed if you had to pay his bills. You see, in that novel I have taken characters from Theron Ware, and characters from Gloria Mundi. I've got to keep track of these people, and not get them mixed up. I must know their relationships, and perhaps trace them back to some ancestor whose idiosyncrasies are going to crop up in different form here and there as the story progresses."

I have seen many strange things in novelists' houses, but never before a genealogical tree of the characters in a work of fiction.

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When Harold Frederic had amassed all his material, and had mapped out his chapters in skeleton form, he wrote out his story with patient industry and with considerable rapidity, using a pen, and never dictating, or employing a typewriter. He then went over his first draft, writing in such corrections as seemed necessary, after which he read it aloud, chapter by chapter, to some sympathetic listener, making further emendations as he went along. This reading aloud he considered very important, for the ear will detect a flaw in the rhythm which may escape the eye.

The pen copy was then sent to a typewriter, and when the typewritten manuscript was received, Frederic seated himself in a

FREDERIC'S COUNTRY HOUSE
WHERE THE MARKET-PLACE
WAS WRITTEN

MR. FREDERIC'S LAST AMERICAN
HOME IN ENGLAND

big armchair covered by a wolf robe, lit pipe or cigar, lay back and listened to his story being read to him, now and then stopping the reader to substitute a word or phrase for some word or phrase that did not please him. When *finis* was reached, the reader or other assistant went over the typewritten copy and drew a blue pencil mark under each adjective, making a mark on the margin if the same adjective were used twice or oftener on a page. The novelist could thus see at a glance in his final revision of the manuscript how heavily he had drawn on the adjectival resources of the language. Adjectives are the bane of a writer. In a multitude of adjectives there is now not wisdom, but florid writing.

"What have you been doing today?" I asked Mark Twain, meeting him one evening a year or more ago on the shores of Lake Lucerne.

"Oh, slaughtering adjectives," replied the great humorist, who is a great and serious writer as well.

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One frightfully stormy evening, with the wind howling and the rain lashing as it lashes only in England during the winter months, an unfortunate telegraph boy struggled for two miles up the hill that leads to my house and brought me a dispatch from Frederic. It implored me to come to London at once and meet him at the club,—project to be settled of the highest importance, and of an urgency that brooked no delay. I thought that war, at least, had broken out, and so, with the utmost reluctance, I got ready and went to town. I found Frederic pacing up and down the vestibule of the club, waiting for me with the greatest impatience.

He placed his hands on my shoulders and cried enthusiastically:

"It's awfully good of you to come out a wild night like this, but I felt sure I could depend on you in a pinch. Now this is how the case stands. There's a young fellow who has written a novel, not a bad story as such things go, but he can't get a publisher. I propose that we send a hansom for your publisher, bring him to the club, fill him up with a good dinner, and at the right moment spring this manuscript on him. He'll take it on your word and mine,—after dinner, and I have the contract all written out for him to sign. I'm very anxious for the young fellow to get a chance."

"Several facts stand in the way of success in such a project," I said with what calmness I could command. "First, my publisher lives farther out in the country than I do, and he is no such fool as to be lured into London on a night like this by any telegram I could send; second, he is a temperance man, and I doubt if the requisite enthusiasm could be worked up on lemonade; third, why not sacrifice your own publisher?"

"I did try it on my man, but it was no use, so I thought it would do no harm to experiment with Bland."

This was characteristic of his generosity and kindness of heart to all who needed help.

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I notice that Mr. Clement King Shorter has an article on Harold Frederic in the number of The Sketch which is current while I write. Mr. Shorter is editor of the Illustrated London News, The Sketch, and a number of other periodicals, and as such has extensive relations with authors. A writer, who had been invariably unsuccessful in palming off on Mr. Shorter any of his work, was one night at the club holding forth eloquently on Shorter's shortcomings.

"My dear man," said Frederic seriously, "Shorter is one of the best editors in the world, and one of the best fellows. All you are saying simply shows that you don't know how to deal with him. When I have a story that I want to sell to Shorter, I wear that big, yellow, shaggy ulster which comes down to my heels. I turn the collar up over my ears. I put on that disreputable hoodlum cap I got in America twenty years ago, and draw it down over my eyes. I take a blackthorn stick given to me in Ireland, as thick as your thigh. I don't announce myself, but walk into his room, close the door, and set my back against it for a moment, until Shorter has had time to focus his glasses on what is before him; then I take three strides to his table, and, rapping gently on it with my blackthorn, thunder out in a deep, harsh voice: 'Shorter, I have a story to sell you!' He buys it right away."

To appreciate the humor of this vivid picture one must remember that Harold Frederic was a man of huge, commanding presence, fierce of aspect, with a gruff voice calculated to strike terror into those who did not know him; yet he was in reality one of the gentlest and most kindly of men, so honest that he had little hesitation in giving the frankest possible opinion of any man to his face, but always with a good word for the absent, whether the absent were friend or foe.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

LVIII—SALLY IN OUR ALLEY. *By* Henry Carey

With a Picture by George Gibbs

OF ALL the girls that are so smart,
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There's ne'er a lady in the land
That's half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em;
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely.
But let him bang his bellyful,—
I'll bear it all for Sally;
For she's the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamèd
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is namèd:
I leave the church in sermon-time,
And slink away to Sally,—
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
Oh, then I shall have money!
I'll hoard it up, and, box and all,
I'll give it to my honey;
And would it were ten thousand pound!
I'd give it all to Sally;
For she's the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbors all
Make game of me and Sally,
And but for she I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
Oh, then I'll marry Sally!
Oh, then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,—
But not in our alley!

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HARRISON FISHER

who has pictured

Mr. Frederic's Story

THE MARKET-PLACE

MR. HARRISON FISHER'S ambition to become an artist commenced to develop when he was very young. It was at the undignified age of six that he first attracted the notice of his parents to his artistic abilities.

The work, which was excellent of its kind, caused quite a stir in the neighborhood. It was done in his father's studio; the family cat was the background, and Mr. Fisher's ability was portrayed in alternate stripes of purple, yellow and green. Mr. Fisher says that it was impressionistic.

Born in Brooklyn in 1876, Harrison Fisher comes from an artistic family; his grandfather was an artist; his father, Hugo Fisher, is, perhaps, the most widely known landscape artist on the Pacific coast.

When ten years old Mr. Fisher went to San Francisco, and there, while yet at school, he started, under his father's tuition, to draw and paint. This study, however, when other lads were at play, began to pall on young Fisher; it seemed to him that, to be a policeman, to stand at a street corner and swing a club, or chase small boys off the block, was a far more manly occupation than to sit, all day, making wiggly lines on a sheet of paper.

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Then a great event happened. He sold his first picture,—sold it to an old gentleman with a cheery smile and a white waistcoat, and was paid for it in three five-dollar gold pieces. Play had now no charm for him; climbing telegraph poles and playing hockey lost their fascination. The small boys on the block he despised. He jingled the coins in his pocket; they did not make enough noise; he put on his hat and coat and went out and changed them into silver, small silver, and spent the day walking about town jingling them in his pockets.

Two years after the sale of the picture Mr. Fisher found himself, at the age of sixteen, working on the San Francisco Call. After three years' arduous work he left the Call for a more remunerative position on the San Francisco Examiner.

It was while working on the Examiner that Mr. Fisher's individuality began to show itself in his work. He dropped the conventionalities of a newspaper style and commenced to work as his heart dictated. At first he was not entirely successful; he found considerable difficulty in expressing that which he knew he had in him.

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Little by little, however, his personality began to show itself, until it came so well within his grasp that he had to hold himself in hand; even as it was, the absolute daring of his composition, and the technique of some of the sketches he made for the Examiner, surprised himself almost as much as it did his brother artists.

Soon his work began to attract notice outside of newspaper circles. Then, in January, 1897, Mr. Hearst, realizing the future before Mr. Fisher, shipped him to New York to help build up the New York Journal, of which he had become proprietor. The influences of New York were, however, too strong for Mr. Fisher to stay long with the Journal. He met the young men who were taking illustrating seriously, the men who are making names for themselves in that branch of art.

It was then that Mr. Fisher began to work seriously. The force which had so long been latent now commenced to assert itself with astonishing rapidity. Working on a daily newspaper, Mr. Fisher had little or no opportunity to use models. When he left newspaper work he commenced to use a model for every sketch he made. At first this change in his method of working caused a certain hardness in his technique, but soon he became less careful, his technique more and more loose, until now it is so delightfully free as to be almost impressionistic.

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Although Mr. Fisher draws beautiful women, and draws them well, it is when drawing characters,—the Dickens type of character,—that he does his best work. The finest sketch of his I ever saw was of an old gentleman who had fallen asleep in a great armchair over Don Quixote and a bottle of port. It was unnecessary to read the title of the neglected book to realize what the old gentleman had been reading; there was something so charmingly idiotic in his attitude, the expression of his face was so ludicrously indefinite, that you knew at once he was wandering in dreamland, on some absurd expedition, with Sancho Panza.

Mr. Fisher is tall and rather slender; his features are strong, and the heavy lines, that study has brought into his colorless face, give him a rather sad look. He never makes sketches outside of his studio. If he is in search of a character, he saunters down the street until he sees the man he wants, takes one good look at him, goes back to his studio and makes sketches of him from memory; from these sketches he chooses the one that pleases him most, and, posing a model to suit the character, starts to make the finished picture.

No character work of Mr. Fisher's has been published, and the public do not yet know the great strength he has in this direction. When they see his illustrations to The Market-Place, when they note the air of London he introduces into the characters and scenes, they will begin to realize the vital force which has made this young illustrator what he is, and which will make him what he is to be in the near future.

THE GUARDIANS OF THE TREASURY

THE MEN WHO WATCH THE NATION'S WEALTH

By René Bache

SOMETHING of the romance pertaining to the mysterious naturally attaches itself, in the popular imagination, to the so-called Secret Service of the Government.

Yet this is a bureau belonging to the most prosaic and humdrum of Uncle Sam's business departments,—namely, the Treasury.

For the rest, it will suffice here to say that its main business is to catch counterfeiters and to keep guard over the President when he goes traveling. For its maintenance Congress provides $100,000 a year. The hunting of spies in war time is not supposed to be one of its duties; nevertheless, at the outbreak of the recent conflict, this work was assigned to the Secret Service, $50,000 being allotted out of the Defense Fund by Mr. McKinley for the expenses involved.

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Quite a real mystery is the number of agents or detectives employed by the Secret Service. No outsider knows how many of them there are, the object of this concealment being to surround the doings of the bureau with as much as possible of the terror of the unknown, from the view-point of criminals. Headquarters are in the Treasury Building at Washington, and from that central point hidden lines of communication are extended all over the United States, holding the whole country, as it were, in a cobweb of esoteric intelligence.

No wonder that the stealthy counterfeiter, however secure his precautions against discovery, dreads this sleepless eye, which forever keeps watch for those who would rob the Government by imitating its coined and printed money.

At the same time, the agents of the service are themselves exposed to perils frequent and fearful. Counterfeiters are usually desperate people, and, the penalty of conviction for their crime being next in severity to that for murder, they are apt to kill if they can in preference to submitting to capture.

The Government detective literally takes his life in his hands when he invades their haunts, and sometimes, in the pursuit of his business, he must live for weeks or even months together in unceasing danger.

Naturally, criminals of this class hide themselves in obscure places, seeking refuge in the vilest dens, and into these resorts the Treasury agent must penetrate, unrecognized, of course, in his true character.

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The gathering of evidence against counterfeiters, while attended by such physical perils, is beset by extraordinary difficulties. The arrest of a person in the act of passing false money is of small advantage, inasmuch as such an individual, technically known as a "shover," is a mere cat's-paw. The shover, as a rule, possesses no information that can be used by the Government against the people who employ his services.

All he knows is, that if he goes to the back cellar of a certain slum tenement, and gives a peculiar knock on the door, there will be handed out to him a quantity of bogus notes or coin, in exchange for which he gives a required sum in real money. He sees nobody, and, if caught, can tell nothing. If he guides the detective to the cellar where he got the "stuff," the mysterious disbursing agency has vanished.

Just like any other business, counterfeiting, when conducted on any considerable scale, requires capital. So, when a gang is producing false money in quantities large enough to be of importance from the view-point of the Treasury, there is always somebody with plenty of cash behind the enterprise.

This individual is known as the "promoter." He employs the skilled labor required to manufacture the bogus notes or coin, pays for the work, and engineers the whole scheme. In short, he is the criminal-in-chief. Nevertheless, in all the history of the Secret Service, while thousands of counterfeiters have been arrested, convicted and sentenced, in hardly a single instance has a "promoter" been brought to justice.

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As a rule, the promoter is a citizen of the utmost outward ostensible respectability, often an individual of influence, political or otherwise. He gathers in a fortune, with almost no risk to himself and lives a life of ease, while his employees remain poor, and spend most of their lives in jail.

One of the best-known men in New York has acquired great wealth as a promoter of counterfeiting enterprises; yet, though the police are perfectly well aware of the fact, not even a formal accusation has ever been brought against him, because evidence that would stand in a court of law has not been obtainable.

The safety of the enterprise from the promoter's point of view is made more clear when it is explained that his relations are exclusively with the engraver who makes the plates for the false money and with the intermediary whom he chooses to employ for the transaction of business between himself and the disbursing agents. The intermediary may tell, but his mere word against the promoter, unbacked by evidence, avails nothing, and the latter takes care to have no counterfeits in his possession.

Such affairs are commonly arranged in this way, but the methods adopted have many variations. The sort of work here considered is of the highest order, engaging the attention of veritable aristocrats among criminals; for in their ranks the social lines are drawn with extreme sharpness.

High-grade counterfeiters, furthermore, do not condescend to make false coins, because there is comparatively little profit in that branch of the industry; their business is the imitation of bank notes, greenbacks, and occasionally bonds. Here, if the risks are considerable, the gains are proportionate.

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The engraving required is of such a quality as to demand experts of the first class, and thus it comes about that at no time are there more than a very few,—perhaps half a dozen,—forgers of the first rank living. They are as rare as grand opera tenors who can do the C-sharp from the chest. This fact is of no small assistance to the Secret Service detectives in running down a new and dangerous counterfeit. They know the great counterfeiters who are out of jail, and keep an eye on them.

The imitation of coins, considered as an art, lags far behind the counterfeiting of paper money. As already implied, it engages the attention of low-class criminals almost exclusively. Most of these are Italians, who, as a rule, are members of great gangs organized for murder and thieving of all sorts, such as the Mafia, who have transferred their energies and methods to this country.

By the help of their widespread organization they are able to issue any new counterfeit simultaneously at many points far apart, thus making it very difficult for the Treasury agents to discover the original source of supply. However, nearly all of the bogus pieces thus turned out are clumsily done, and it is very rarely that they are dangerous. The counterfeits of gold coins are circulated chiefly on the Pacific coast; in the East so little gold is handled that what is in circulation is apt to be severely scrutinized.

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What makes the counterfeiting of coins so exceedingly common is the ease with which it is accomplished, and the simplicity of the apparatus required. Anybody can make a plaster-of-paris mould from a silver piece, and the enterprising criminal needs nothing else, except an iron pot, a ladle, and a suitable metal composition. He puts the pot of metal on the fire, and, when the stuff is melted, pours it into the mould with the ladle. When it is cool it is money, with a little scraping, perhaps, and it only remains to go out and spend it.

As for the metal composition, recipes for such mixtures are passed about in the prisons, where most of the petty counterfeiters are educated. Knowledge of the art, indeed, is spread in penitentiaries. Much of the "shoving" of the product is done by Italian venders of fruit and peanuts.

This is but a picayune business, and despised by the high-grade counterfeiter. It signifies no serious threat to the national finances; and those engaged in it, who commonly employ their wives and daughters to pass the bad money, are picked up by the dozen and carted off to jail.

Now and then, on the other hand, a really dangerous imitation of a coin turns up, and is thrown so largely into circulation as to alarm the Treasury officials. Then the detectives start out on the trail of it, and almost surely they trace it to the producer, and arrest the latter before very long. But where the counterfeit is exceptionally meritorious,—save the mark!—it follows naturally that the manufacturer, being a person of unusual intelligence, is proportionately skillful in covering up his tracks, and so the task of the Government agents is difficult.

When it comes to the knowledge of the Secret Service that counterfeit money is afloat in a certain neighborhood, a detective is sent to look into the matter. Of course, he does not make his appearance in his true character, but merely as a casual visitor, with some business on hand. Anyway, he has no trouble in making acquaintances, and the first thing he does is to look out for suspicious characters, or known "crooks" who may be about.

Presently he meets some one who has received the bogus cash, and he finds out from whom this individual got it. Having at length fixed a suspicion upon an individual, he manages things so as to have transactions with the latter, so that he may get some counterfeits from him. This accomplished, an arrest follows, and it is likely that the captured suspect will confess all he knows, when he is assured that he can escape punishment wholly or partly by so doing.

But the bare testimony of this culprit will not suffice to bring to justice the really dangerous malefactors, supposing that, as is probable, he is merely a "shover."

Now this is the "crux,"—the point at which the efforts of the detective prove themselves successful or otherwise. Very little is gained by the conviction and punishment of counterfeiters so long as the moulds or engraved plates used by them remain uncaptured. They may go to prison, and meanwhile confederates possessed of the plates or moulds may go on with the business of turning out the counterfeits.

Hence it is that the Treasury officials are willing usually to sacrifice everything to the object of securing this essential part of the apparatus of manufacture, even going so far in many instances as to guarantee free pardon to the offenders on condition that they give it up. It was in this way that Charles H. Smith, the greatest money-forger that ever lived, escaped all punishment, after having kept the Government authorities in constant terror for twenty years by his most unparalleled counterfeits.

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From 1862 to 1881 the Treasury was kept in a condition of alarm by a series of marvelously accurate counterfeits, the origin of which could not even be surmised. In vain it was asked who was this genius that was able to produce imitative work unapproached by anything previously achieved. It is not strange that no suspicion should have attached to a man well known in his profession, employed by a bank note company in New York, of unassailed reputation, and whose wife was the daughter of a banker.

Nevertheless, while leading outwardly the most blameless of lives, this engraver was engaged in attacking the national currency in such a manner as to threaten the very credit of the Government. His forgeries were of bills of large denomination, rarely below $100, and one of the most wonderful of them was a note for $1000, with the head of Robert Morris. Specimens of this last were readily passed at banks. The engraved plates for it may exist to-day, but a story goes to the effect that they were buried at a spot on Long Island over which a railroad was afterward constructed, filling in with many feet of earth and ballast, so that the rascals were never able to dig them up.

Smith made an imitation of certain seven-thirty bonds, issued in war time, and it made a lot of trouble. Eighty-four thousand dollars' worth of these bogus securities were sent to the Treasury by Jay Cooke & Company for redemption, and, when it was proved that they were counterfeit, the great financier brought suit against the Government, asserting that the bonds must have been printed surreptitiously from the true plates. This was shown not to be the case, however.

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But the most remarkable feat of this criminal engraver was the counterfeiting of the $1000 six per cent. bond of 1881. The original of this bond was engraved by Smith himself, in the work-rooms of the bank note company to which Uncle Sam gave the contract. Every night at home Smith reproduced his work of the daytime on other plates, and thus, when the real bonds were ready to be issued, he was in a position to print off as many perfect copies of them as he desired. In fact, $208,000 worth of them were printed and sent to Chicago in the hands of a "shover" named Doyle.

Most luckily, it happened that the Secret Service detectives were watching Doyle in connection with a wholly different affair, and, arresting him, they found, much to their astonishment, the bonds in his valise. The securities were so admirably executed that a Chicago bank wanted to buy them after the arrest was accomplished, declaring itself satisfied that they were genuine.

The way in which Smith was finally caught makes one of the most interesting captures in the entire history of counterfeiting. Mind you, up to that moment it had never occurred to anybody to suspect him for an instant. But one day it chanced that a detective of the Secret Service was in Brooklyn, keeping an eye on a man named Brockway, who had a bad reputation in connection with the business of making false money.

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It was suspected that Brockway was up to some sort of mischief, and so his movements were watched. Two or three times he was seen to enter the house at No. 42 Herkimer Street, and the detective made up his mind to find out who lived there. It would never do to make inquiries in the neighborhood, because that might give alarm. Accordingly, the detective took the Brooklyn city directory and went deliberately through it, beginning at A. The tediousness of the task may well be imagined, for the patient agent of the Treasury did not find anybody who lived at No. 42 Herkimer Street until he got far along in the letter S.

Finally, he came upon the name and address, "Charles H. Smith, 42 Herkimer; engraver." Eureka! The problem was solved. At once a flood of light was thrown upon the whole affair, and the source of the amazing counterfeits was known at last. The house was raided, and a great quantity of apparatus and bogus money was captured. Brockway was sent to prison, but Smith escaped by giving up the engraved plates of his most dangerous forgeries.

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Doyle, the "shover" above alluded to, was a very remarkable man in his way. His appearance was that of a cattle-drover, with a rural air and hearty manner. He would drop into a bank, take half a dozen $1000 bonds from a huge wallet, lay them on the counter, and say that he wanted a few thousand dollars on them. Would he sell them? Oh, no, he guessed not. So he would get the cash, shake hands with the cashier, and walk out, while the bonds were locked up safely. If circulated, their numbers might have betrayed them as duplicates, and therefore as forgeries.

Those were great days for the counterfeiting business when Doyle, Smith and Brockway flourished. Now, thanks to the Secret Service, very little successful forging of the Government's securities is done.

Not to be forgotten is Tom Ballard, whose gang ran an opposition to the Treasury during the war at No. 256 Rivington Street, New York, turning out millions of dollars' worth of notes of all denominations. When fibre paper was adopted by the Treasury he imitated it by means of plates engraved with irregular curlicues rubbed with blue ink. Tom Ballard got out of prison not long ago, after serving a thirty years' sentence. Many a lawyer has accumulated a fortune from exorbitant fees squeezed out of counterfeiters who were in tight places.

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But the best known of all the counterfeiters was Pete McCartney, who invented the plan of washing the ink from one-dollar bills in order to get real fibre paper on which to print $100 and $500 notes. This was accomplished by plunging the piece of paper money into sulphuric acid, and then removing the ink with a dry nail-brush. McCartney's first work was done while in the employ of a bank note company, in 1853. While printing notes he slipped a sheet of lead foil through the press, and from this as a matrix he reproduced the plate by electrotyping.

He was a versatile genius, at various times traveling as a physician, an artist, a cattleman, an agent of the Secret Service, a Treasury expert, etc. When hard pressed, he was accustomed to take refuge in Washington, where the detectives were least likely to look for him. Once he traveled about, giving lectures on How to Detect Counterfeit Money. The change given at the box-office was of his own manufacture.

The most interesting capture accomplished recently by the Secret Service was that of the famous "pen-and-ink forger," who puzzled the Treasury for many years. His counterfeits were not accurate in a technical sense, but had a good general appearance, which is the first requisite in a bad bill. Accordingly, they were easily passed, and every now and then one of them would turn up at the Treasury, much to the disgust of the authorities. The remarkable thing about them, however, was that they were not

printed from plates, but were done entirely with a pen, a camel's-hair brush and inks.

As is now known, the reason why the man who did this work escaped capture so long was that he had no confederates. All of his labor was done at home, in obscure Flagtown, New Jersey, and at intervals he would take his notes up to New York City and get rid of them.

The man's name was Ninger. His method was to buy a quantity of bond paper similar in thickness and texture to the paper used for money, and to cut out a piece of it exactly the size of a real new note which he was to copy. Then he soaked the piece of paper in weak coffee, and laid it while wet on the real note, so that the edges fitted exactly. Placing the two together on a pane of glass, he held the latter against the window frame, and traced with a very hard and fine-pointed pencil every word, letter and detail of the design. Having waited for the paper to dry, he went over the lines with pen and ink. The colors were put in with a camel's-hair brush, and the fibre threads with red and blue inks. The counterfeit having been thus finished, it was crumpled and carried about for a few days in the pocket, the result being a greasy and worn look calculated to lend verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and somewhat uninteresting imitation.

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Ninger's last lot of counterfeits comprised six twenty-dollar notes and one for fifty, representing the labor of fifteen weeks. It will be seen that the occupation was not very remunerative. However, he took these to New York, where he passed five of the twenties. The sixth brought him to grief. He offered it in a grocery, and it would have been changed without suspicion but for the fact that the cashier's fingers were wet, and blurred the series number on the bill. Perceiving this, the cashier rubbed her fingers over the face of the note, and lo! it was all a blur of ink. She had the forger arrested.

One day a letter carrier was walking his daily route in Chicago, when something shining fell out of a window and landed on the sidewalk. It was a silver dollar. The postman went to pick it up, but dropped it instantly, for it was almost literally red hot.

The upshot of the occurrence was a visit by detectives of the Secret Service, and the discovery of a counterfeiter whose operations had greatly annoyed the Treasury for about a year. He was engaged in the production of silver dollars, which were so admirably executed as to be practically indistinguishable from the genuine. They were struck with dies and thickly plated with silver, and the only way in which their falsity could be ascertained was by cutting deeply into them. They had the right weight, and the proper "ring" was given to them by an admixture of powdered glass. Many thousands of these dollars are even now in circulation.

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One of the most ingenious methods adopted by criminals who attack the coinage is to "sweat" gold pieces. This is a very simple process, requiring no apparatus save a battery and a small tank of cyanide of potash. A copper wire connected with the battery is arranged so that its two ends are immersed in this solution. To the end which is the positive pole is attached a small lump of zinc, and to the other end is fastened a gold double-eagle. The current being turned on, the solution absorbs the gold from the coin and deposits it upon the lump of zinc.

This may be continued until the coin has vanished, but the skilful sweater takes only about seventy-five cents' worth from a twenty-dollar piece. The coins thus treated look all right, except that they are so bright as to excite the suspicion of an expert.

Every now and then the Secret Service detectives convey from the Treasury Building to the Washington Navy Yard an immense bulk of counterfeiters' stuff, including machinery, electro-plating batteries, engraved plates, crucibles, plaster moulds, coins, and "flash money." There it is burned up in the furnaces.

The "flash money" referred to consists of imitations of the currency made for advertising or other purposes without criminal intent. Under this head is comprised the toy money employed in so-called business colleges. All such imitations are against the law, even including oil paintings of notes on wooden planks. It often happens that this kind of false money falls into the hands of poor emigrants and other ignorant people, being passed upon them by sharpers, and thus it does a great deal of harm.

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The Secret Service was started in June, 1861, by Lafayette C. Baker, who was appointed by Secretary Seward as an agent to gather information in the South. He was arrested, brought before Jefferson Davis, and threatened with hanging; but his wit and nerve saved him, and he actually obtained an appointment as confidential agent of the Confederacy.

While in the service of Uncle Sam he gathered about him a daring set of men, and thus was formed the beginning of what was destined to grow into the present bureau of the Secret Service. In 1864, Congress gave $300,000 for the suppression of counterfeiting. The money was placed in the hands of the Secretary of the Treasury, who made the great detective organization permanent.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Minister Woodford's Return to Spain

Early in the coming year our Government will send an official representative to Spain as our Minister to the land of the Dons. This will probably be Mr. Woodford, who hurriedly left Madrid at the outbreak of the unpleasantness.

His return to Spain will be far different from his departure. Then he was greeted with hisses, and stoned. Now he will return with flags flying, and, we may imagine, with a quiet smile of satisfaction.

On his arrival at Madrid he will be driven at once to the American legation, which has been prepared for his coming. The servants have all been engaged, the larder filled, and such part of the Minister's wardrobe as is necessarily Spanish has been provided. But the strangest part of all is, that, officially, he is a perfect stranger in Spain. He recognizes no one, and all his acquaintances must be made over again.

A time for his presentation at Court is set, and at that hour the Queen Regent and the little King shake hands with him. The Minister's wife must be again introduced to all her former acquaintances, and although she may have calls she would like to return she must submit to official red tape.

It may well be imagined that Minister Woodford will not enjoy himself to any great extent at the diplomatic dinners this winter, as the chief subject of conversation will doubtless be the Spanish War.

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Lord Cromer, the Dictator of Egypt

A curious chain of circumstances has given Evelyn Baring, Lord Cromer, almost unlimited power in the direction of the financial and political affairs of Egypt. He was educated for the British military service, but was switched off to become private secretary to his cousin, the Earl of Northbrook, while Viceroy of India.

On returning to England he was appointed a delegate on the international commission to regulate the Egyptian debt. The revelations of the commission led to the deposition of the Khedive Ismail. Captain Baring was then made one of the two Controllers-General of Egyptian finances, his French colleague being M. de Blignières.

After Great Britain had suppressed Arabi Pasha's rebellion in 1882, and the present Khedive had agreed to appoint a single financial adviser, and he an Englishman, Sir Evelyn was summoned to the post, and by his tact, vigor and administrative power he soon made himself practically the ruler of Egypt, under Great Britain.

He is now Her Majesty's agent and Consul-General in Egypt, and also Minister Plenipotentiary. He gained his peerage by preventing the omission of some important clauses in the Sultan's firman appointing the present Khedive, Abbas II.

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Adelina Patti and Her Niece

Adelina Patti, the singer, who, it is reported, is to marry again, seems to laugh at the flight of time; and those who have seen her recently declare that "her eyes are absolutely young." At fifty-five years of age this remarkable woman's eyes have not only not lost their lustre, but fairly sparkle. This is due to the extreme care she takes of them, never reading at night, and never straining or tiring them.

Patti has a pretty young niece whose home is in Georgia, and to whom the singer has become greatly attached. She is Louise Barili, daughter of Alfredo Barili, Adelina Patti's favorite nephew. A baby boy at the time the great singer was just entering on her career of success, he was rocked and sung to sleep by her. To his father, Ettore Barili, Adelina and Carlotta Patti owe much of their success; and especially should the willful Adelina,—for willful and spoiled she certainly was then,—be grateful to her music-loving and teaching half-brother, Ettore Barili. He often kept her on bread and water for days when she would not mind.

The granddaughter of Ettore Barili, hence the grandniece of Patti, has paid several visits to Craig-y-nos, and so delightful has been the companionship that Patti has wanted to adopt Louise Barili. When she mentioned it, that young girl declared that, dearly as she loved her beautiful aunt, she could not leave her mother, not even for the advantages and pleasures of a winter at Craig-y-nos, which answer pleased Patti. "My dear," she said, "I know now that you have two mothers,—your own and myself, your stepmother. When you want me, just step over."

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Anna Adams Gordon's Work for the Children

Although for more than twenty years the private Secretary to the late Frances E. Willard, and since 1891 the Assistant Secretary of the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union, Miss Gordon's greatest joy has been found in her work for children.

She is the superintendent of the juvenile work of the World's Union, and for the little ones she has written two series of spirited Marching Songs, the Song Book of the Y's, Questions Answered, The White Ribbon Birthday Book, and many entertainments for juvenile societies.

When Miss Willard told her one day that it was a shame the Union had no standard to carry in its peaceful war, she promised to provide one for the next National Convention, and there unfolded the first flag of the Union, bearing the familiar water-lily and the world-known motto, "For God and Home and Native Land," an emblem of her own design and largely of her own handiwork.

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Joseph Leiter as a Manufacturer

The recent announcement that Joseph Leiter has purchased the extensive Rhode Island Locomotive Works would seem to indicate that this daring young man, who made one of the most famous wheat deals, and who recently saw his millions swept away at one blow, is indomitable and knows not the meaning of defeat.

Young Leiter, who, by-the-way, is not yet thirty years old, has become the most notable man of the century in a commercial way. He is nearly six feet in height, with broad shoulders and a massive frame. His head suggests aggressiveness. His remarkable capacity for business is inherited from his father, and he possesses to a remarkable degree the executive faculty.

This young man is a persistent worker, but never shows signs of haste. He is accustomed to name his terms, and wait for the other party to agree to them. He does everything on a big scale. He piloted a big deal; his failure was almost appalling. If it be true that he has dropped speculation, and intends to enter the field of manufacture, he will either make a phenomenal success or a glorious failure of his new enterprise. It will be interesting to watch the future of this young man, so remarkable in many respects.

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Novelist Zangwill in the Rôle of Lecturer

Israel Zangwill, the novelist, who is making such a favorable impression as a lecturer in our principal cities, is a forceful young genius, who has opinions of his own on all questions of importance. What he says is worth hearing, because it is worth saying, and it is well said. In personal appearance Mr. Zangwill is not impressive, although his long black hair and deep-set eyes give him a distinguished look. His voice has a pleasant tone, and his accent is noticeably British. The forehead shows strong mentality, while the firm jaw and heavy lips accentuate the story of the success that has been heroically won by a little boy who was born in one of the poorest hovels in the London Ghetto.

Just how wretched and squalid some quarters in the Ghetto are may be judged from a remark of Mr. Zangwill's, that frequently four families occupied a single room. Jocular conversation among themselves always ran along the line of their taking in boarders.

One of the anecdotes told by Mr. Zangwill is that a certain schnorrer (beggar), entertained at a home in the Ghetto, was caught in the act of stealing a silver spoon. He was called upon for a justification of his offense, which he furnished in the following manner:

"If I took the spoon I violated the Eighth Commandment, which says that 'Thou shalt not steal,' but if I did not take the spoon I violated the Tenth Commandment, which says 'Thou shalt not covet.' So, having one or the other of the Commandments to break, I thought I might as well take the spoon."

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Mrs. Cleveland and the Students

There is no woman so dear to the heart of the Princeton student,—excepting, of course, mother and sweetheart,—as the charming wife of ex-President Cleveland. She is a sort of patron saint of Princeton, and she is always present at the base-ball and foot-ball games, and at the athletic contests. She is personally acquainted with the majority of the upper class men, and frequently stops her carriage to have a chat with a student.

Mrs. Cleveland is a golf enthusiast, and frequently plays on the University links. Since she has made her home at Princeton the social life of that staid New Jersey town has undergone a change. Formerly out-of-door exercise was to a great extent tabooed by society, but Mrs. Cleveland came, and she played tennis and drove, and entered into all the delights of outdoor exercise. Then it began to be fashionable to indulge in similar sports, and soon the prim colonial dames were wearing outing skirts and playing tennis with great ardor.

Ex-President Cleveland, too, has most friendly relations with the students. The story is told that a student visited the ex-President to secure an interview for a newspaper. "I'll write the interview myself," said Mr. Cleveland.

He did, but when the student returned and was given the manuscript, he could not read a word of Mr. Cleveland's handwriting. Mr. Cleveland laughingly declared that he could not blame the student for not doing so, and then he dictated the interview. He went to this trouble, he afterward declared, in order not to disappoint the student, and in order to prevent anything he had said from being falsely reported or misinterpreted.

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NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

Friendship, by Hugh Black, A. M.—A book of high ideals is Friendship, a book that is simple and sweet in style, sincere and manly in tone and sentiment. It is a book for youth, a book for men and women.

The holiday season brings innumerable volumes made to sell and bought to give away. Few of them have anything to recommend them except their innocuousness. A tincture of ethics, a flavor of religion,—that is the prescription on which they are compounded. After their sweetened insipidity, Mr. Black's Friendship comes like a draught of clear water.

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Nine papers, treating of the miracle, the culture, the fruits, the choice, the eclipse, the wreck, the renewing and the limits of friendship make up the volume. The last chapter is on The Higher Friendship.

Mr. Black is Dr. Alexander Whyte's colleague in Free St. George's, Edinburgh, and, though still a young man, one of the most popular clergymen in Scotland. (The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.)

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The Goede Vrouw of Mana-ha-ta at Home and in Society, by Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer.—This is a book on an important period, written from a novel point of view. The famous students of Holland in the seventeenth century have all paid their respects to the Dutchwomen of that time,—notably, the late Douglas Campbell,—but this is, so far as we know, the first book entirely devoted to them. In the Holland of that glorious day the women shared with the men all the advantages of education and culture, and among its poets were two women,—Anna and Tesselschade Visscher, the friends of Vondel,—whose verse is treasured to this day.

The Dutch settlers in New Amsterdam and on the estates of the patroons were accompanied by their wives and daughters, well born and of humble origin, and it is the home lives of the latter, and also their influence, mostly indirect, of course, but ever potent, on public affairs, that Mrs. Van Rensselaer has sketched in these pages. Her work is based on the researches of historians, on diaries, and books of travel, but most of all on old letters in the possession of the Knickerbocker families of New York.

In fact, the book is to a large extent a history of these families and their ramifications, showing that, while the old names have in many instances disappeared, the blood has been perpetuated and flows in the veins of many families which, by their names, would appear to be of English, Scotch or Huguenot origin.

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The recent election in New York, with its Dutch leaders of both great parties, demonstrates that the strain is still active and potent for good,—or evil.

The Eighty Years' War left the Dutch warriors in much the same position as that of the mediæval knights returned from the fray: the home had for them all the attraction of a haven of rest after a stormy night of peril, and they cultivated its graces and delights as best they could.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer's book is the result of minute investigation and laborious reading, yet it is light, entertaining, and far from pedantic. There is a touch in it of almost Chinese ancestor worship, but the reader will readily forgive this for the sake of its many admirable qualities. The trifles of domestic economy are made interesting, even to mere men, and she shows that in the larger life of the community these women possessed heads as well as hearts, public spirit as well as love for their own.

Most curious are the Dutch nursery rhymes, religiously handed down from mother to daughter in many Knickerbocker families; and the history of many social customs of Dutch origin is deftly traced to the day of their disappearance, not yet twenty years ago. The book will delight all women, whether of Dutch extraction or not, and many men; and we may tell the historical student that he will find in it more than one nugget of information that is of considerable absolute value and interest to him. (Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

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Armageddon, by Stanley Waterloo.—The "coming war" is the spectre that has haunted Europe since the fall of Napoleon III. The efforts of her rulers since that time have been directed toward averting the calamity,—deferring it, at least,—while, at the same time, preparing to make it as destructive as possible when it does befall.

Many novelists have in recent years devoted themselves to more or less fantastic accounts of this future war, and most of them have opined that it would be short, decisive, and comparatively harmless. But none has ventured so far into the field of political speculation as Mr. Waterloo, who, being the latest, has, of course, had the advantage of watching recent events.

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He arrays all Europe, the United States and Japan against one another, prophesying Germany's final accession to the Anglo-Saxon side, with which it racially belongs, and holding that the South American republics will sympathize with the Latins against their natural protectors in the North. He also concludes from recent events that the struggle will be decided by sea power, and that the armies of Europe will be comparatively useless.

It must not be supposed, however, from the above, that Mr. Waterloo's novel is a political tract in the guise of fiction. On the contrary, this stupendous battle array of modern civilization serves merely as the background for the love story of an American inventor, or rather, to be mathematically exact, for the story of the invention of an American lover. Here, too, Mr. Waterloo has been preceded,—in fiction,—by Mr. Stockton, whose great war syndicate manufactured stupendous steel "turtles," that simply nipped the rudders and screws off war-ships, and thus rendered them harmless.

It may be suggested, to both Mr. Stockton and Mr. Waterloo, that our recent naval war failed to produce the mechanical geniuses they prophesy; but what, theoretically, can fiction have to do with fact? Mr. Waterloo has blended the two to serve his own purpose, and he has succeeded in doing it very well. He is suggestive and entertaining, and for the moment relieves us of the strain of the unknown future, by proving, to his own satisfaction and ours, that its outcome will not be so bleak and horrible as we may fear. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.)

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Etiquette for Americans, by A Woman of Fashion.—Gentle reader, if you eat your pie with a knife, or gurgle out your morning gladness as you drink your coffee, pass by on the other side when you come to this book: it is not for you. And even you who "ladle out your soup, or possibly omit that preliminary and begin by hacking off a generous slice of beef," are not of the elect to whom the author caters. She says so plainly.

Her mission is to enlighten "those who would gladly perform their social duties in order if they could, but are prevented by their ignorance of the best usage in such matters." Having selected her audience, the Woman of Fashion proceeds to instruct it on how to behave when entering a parlor, or attending a wedding reception or a funeral.

The ground is thoroughly covered; the reader is armed at all points for the assault of society. Calling, telephoning, smoking, invitations, dinners, luncheons, how to treat servants, and how to snub reporters,—it is written out for us in a nice, little red-covered book by one who knows it all. (Published by Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago.)

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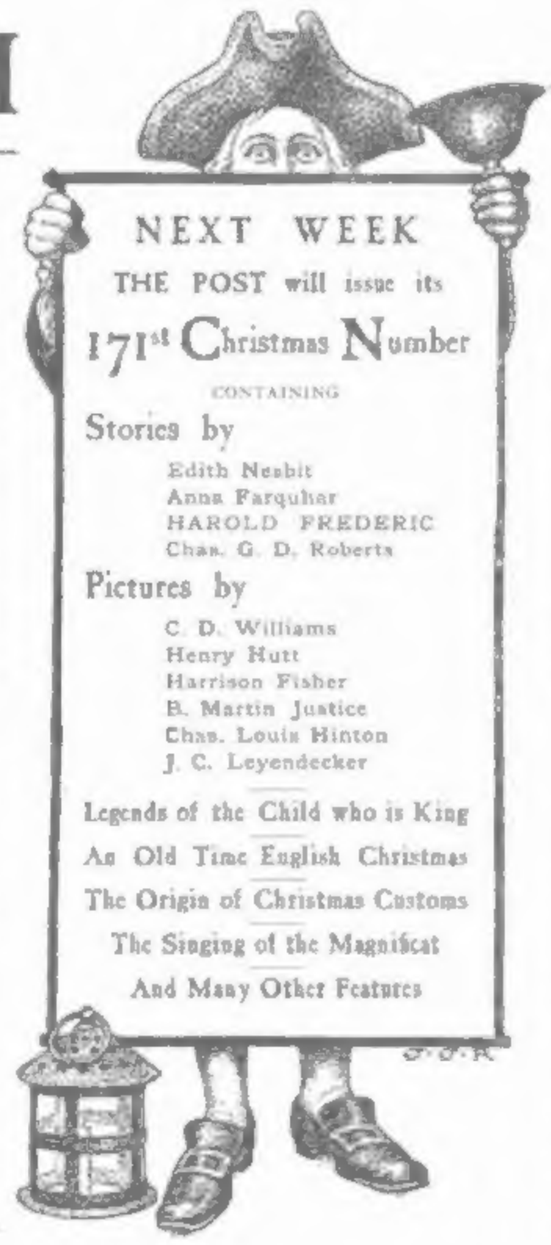
The Story of the Railroad, by Cy Warman.—In our library of national romance there is no more wonderful volume than the story of that great West which has been developed in our own time; and perhaps the most interesting and stirring chapter in it is the Story of the Railroad. Conceived and financed by daring capitalists, who shouldered what seemed grave risks and responsibilities, the lines were pushed across the fertile prairie stretches to the alkali and sage-brush of the desert, and on through cañon and pass to the Pacific and final success.

Of all this Mr. Warman has made a book, full of life and color, of exciting incident and stirring adventure.

Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, the editor of the volume, in an able introduction, sums up the whole matter as follows:

> "The result is a general view of characteristic phases of this life which has a completeness, from the standpoint of human interest, not realized before, and impossible of realization either in the orthodox railroad histories or in fugitive anecdotes of construction-camp life. . . . The figures, dates, names and dry facts, which might readily be multiplied to so appalling an extent in a detailed history of such great enterprises, Mr. Warman, as far as possible, has happily put aside in favor of a personal interest, which will give to his readers an appreciation of this phase of our Western history that statistics and bare records can never yield."

(D. Appleton & Co., New York.)



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